

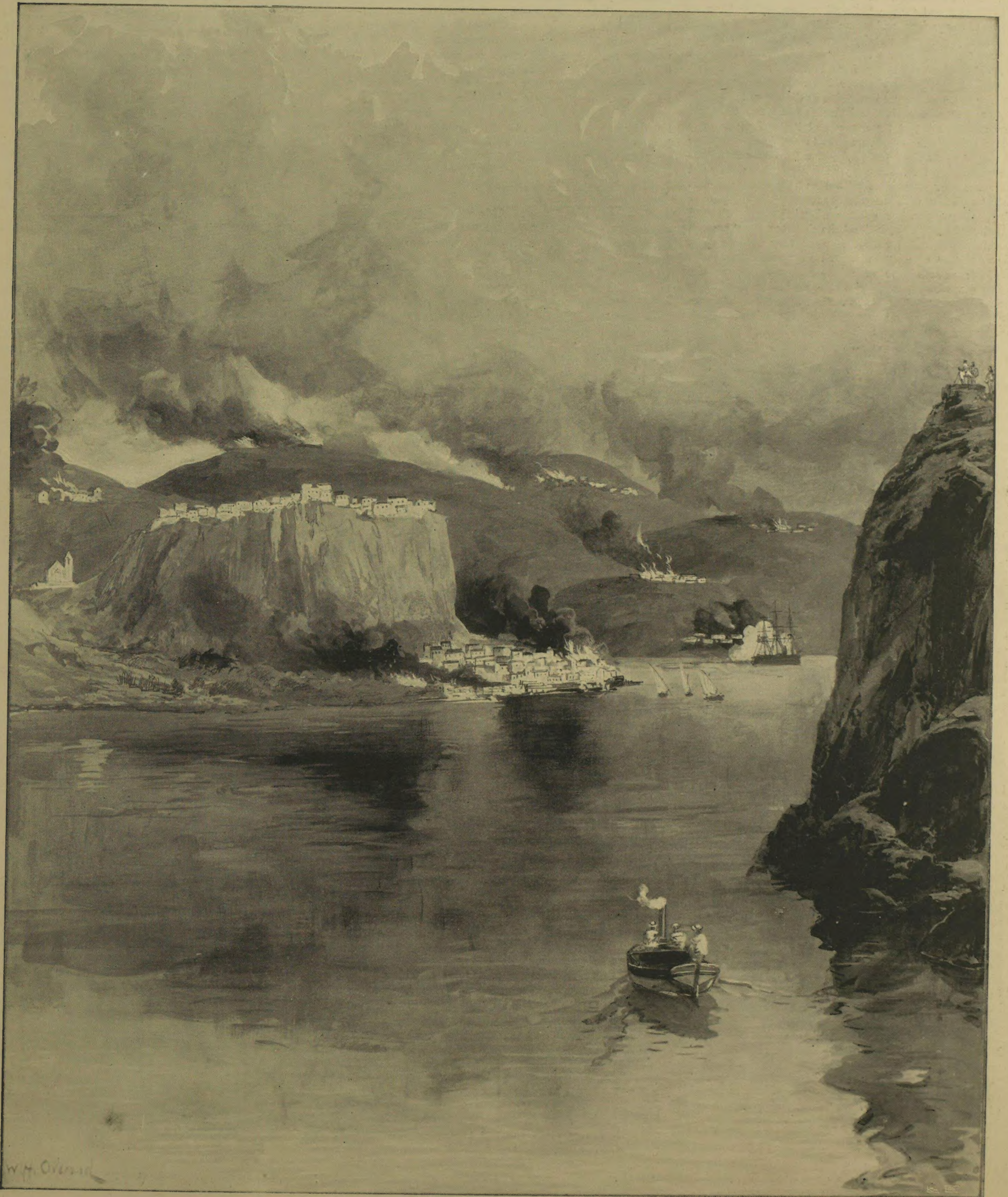
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE: A TURKISH WAR-SHIP OFF PLATANIAS SHELLING CHRISTIAN VILLAGES.

*From a Sketch made on the Spot by a Correspondent.*

*Our Correspondent writes: "Of the villages plundered and fired by the Turkish troops on June 6, those on the coast were first shelled by a Turkish war-ship, and then the troops rushed in and finished the work. We counted nine different villages on fire. It was distressing to hear the shrieks and shouts that reached us as we sat upon the rocky summit of the little uninhabited island of St. Theodora."*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It seems that certain members of one of our great political clubs have felt themselves much aggrieved because a paragraph has appeared in the newspapers stating that it had a Derby sweep. Most London clubs, whether political or otherwise, do have one. In view of the almost universal enthusiasm aroused by the Prince of Wales's success at Epsom, it seems absurd to take offence at the statement in question, as though it were an imputation. The Derby does not stand on the same plane as other races, nor can the putting a sovereign into a sweep be compared with betting on the race. It is the ignorance of such social facts that makes the promoters of the Anti-Gambling League and similar societies for the amelioration of the human race appear now and then a little ridiculous. They have no sense of comparison, and see no difference between playing baccarat (a game not usually played for "love") and six-penny whist. I knew a club—"not a hundred miles," as the old gossips used to say, from Pall Mall—which had no gambling proclivities whatever, but where a Derby sweep was as much an annual institution as the general meeting. It was a very large club, and though not above a sixth of the members joined the sweep, and the subscription was but a guinea, the first prize was well worth having, perhaps a couple of hundred pounds. D., a Government official and member of Parliament, well known to me, only put into the sweep occasionally, but on the three occasions when he did so, with intervals of several years between, he drew the winner. A great mathematician, to whom I mentioned the fact, worked out the chances against such an occurrence, and, if I remember right, they were in seven figures. The coincidence seemed so remarkable that a sporting acquaintance of mine—superstitious, as most persons with such tendencies are—positively declined to subscribe again while D. lived. On D.'s decease, however, he put in his guinea as usual, and the winning horse was drawn by D.'s son. So impossible it is to guard against the wayward ways of Fortune.

Copyright is an excellent invention, but its principles may be too far extended. What do you think of this? It is a genuine letter received by a friend of mine, "not wholly unconnected with literature," as Mr. Micawber would say, from an unknown correspondent: "This is to give you notice that I have registered the word 'neat,' which is henceforth my private and inalienable property." My friend has many eccentric correspondents, but this tickled him. To take a word out of the English language and from the language, and make it your own by registration, was a process hitherto unknown to him; but being a philosopher he paid no attention to the matter. After a while, as his custom was at least once a year, he published a book. There were the usual notices, and one of them in a handwriting he seemed to remember: "Take notice. Whereas in your last work the word 'neat'—my private and registered property—is used no less than three times without special arrangement or authority, I hereby demand the sum of fifteen shillings, being a crown for each breach of copyright." This is a method of acquiring a literary income in a simple and convenient way that has hitherto never been hit upon. One is astonished at the gentleman's moderation. There is a copyright in letters as well as in words; one wonders that it has not struck him to register the alphabet.

Of the Moscow pageant we have read many things tragic and magnificent, but not a word of mirth. Walpole relates a humorous incident in connection with an English coronation. His mother's milliner said she had a petition to present to him. "What is it, Mrs. Burton?" "It is on behalf of two poor orphans." Walpole began (or says he began) to feel for his purse. "What can I do for them, Mrs. Burton?" "Only if your Honour would be so compassionate as to get them two tickets for the coronation." "Did you ever hear a more melancholy case?" is Walpole's comment. Some of the peeresses were so proud of their robes that they exhibited themselves to everybody they knew—and even whom their servants knew—for days beforehand, just as ladies nowadays give notice to their friends that they are "on view" after the Drawing-Rooms. The last touches were sometimes administered in the Painted Chamber. It was here that Lord B. put rouge upon his wife and the Duchess of Bedford. The latter, if we are to believe her friend the Duchess of Queensberry, "looked like an orange peach, half red and half yellow." The King, we are told, was disturbed in his mind because such few precedents were kept for the proceedings. Lord Effingham owned that the Earl Marshal's office had been neglected, "but he had taken such pains for the future that the next coronation would be regulated in the most exact order imaginable." The best thing that is recorded of the pageant was the remark made by George Selwyn to Lady Harrington. She was bedizened with diamonds and jewels, and looked like a stage queen of indifferent character, and she bitterly complained to Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig and a stick. "Never mind," he said, "you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable." This she repeated everywhere, under the impression the reflection was on Lady Portsmouth.

A great many misfortunes have their little advantages. An attack of measles, or still better, the mumps (because

they are so very catching), is welcome about the time when one ought to return to school. To be summoned on a jury is not so very deplorable when one's mother-in-law is staying with us, who expects to be shown all the sights of town. The sudden decease of one's uncle who would have disinherited us but who has omitted to make his will is not unendurable. All these mishaps have a bright side to them; but until the case of the late unlamented Mrs. Dyer nobody has ever derived benefit from a subpoena. It is true she missed her chance, but for twenty-four hours there were hopes for her. I know not to whom the credit of it belongs, but it was one of the most ingenious means for the prolongation of human life that was ever devised, for if the woman had got the respite, it is almost certain that the capital punishment would have been remitted. Henceforth there will be this feather in the cap of the subpoena, that it may be—or at least might have been—of service if one is sentenced to be hanged. Otherwise, what an unmitigated nuisance it is! It is one of the tortures that, notwithstanding the amelioration of the Statute-book, can still be legally inflicted. So far as I know, anybody who has a quarrel with anybody else can set the machine in motion at his own sweet will. Twice has the blameless and virtuous person who writes these lines been a victim to it. In the one case, what I had to say was the direct contrary (I am delighted to remember) of what the man who sent it wanted me to say; in the other, I had no more to do with the matter in question than the Khan of Tartary.

Talking of Mrs. Dyer reminds me of respites (because she did not get one). They were more common in old times than at present, but then executions were more common. In 1787 no less than eighteen persons were executed together in front of Newgate. A woman who was hawking an account of their "last dying speech and confession," stated that they were nineteen. A gentleman devoted to accuracy observed, "Why do you say nineteen when there were only eighteen?" She replied, with commendable readiness, "Sir, I did not know you had been reprieved." Even pardons could be got if you knew where to apply for them. The Lady Suffolk of those days was very deaf. Cheselden, the surgeon, persuaded her that he was in hopes to be able to cure her by an operation on the drum of the ear. There was a deaf prisoner condemned to death in Newgate, and if a pardon could be got for him, he would try the experiment on him, and, if it succeeded, on her Ladyship. She accordingly obtained his release, but nothing was heard of the operation. It was afterwards discovered that the pardoned man was Cheselden's cousin.

There is a curious complaint in an American periodical of the difficulty of getting speech with magazine editors. The writer cannot imagine why he can't "see an editor when he wants to." But there are really a good many reasons. In the first place, an editor's time is generally valuable, while that of the would-be contributor is not; so that the sacrifice would be far greater on the one side than the other. Then, only a very few persons can be persuaded to say what they have to say with brevity and dispatch. They are eloquent about their talents, their aspirations, their expectations, and sometimes even their ancestry. All that is wanted of them (in the first instance at all events) is a proof of their literary fitness, and this can never be discovered by talk. And yet they will always prefer "seeing the editor" to sending their manuscript. Sometimes they have not written it. They come to have a few words of advice as to how they should set about it, and even what is to be the subject. They think "a personal interview so much more satisfactory than correspondence"; and the result of it is to leave on the mind of their victim a prejudice against them that scarcely genius itself can eradicate.

Twins and doubles have supplied a good deal of "copy" to story-tellers and humorists; the vein, indeed, has been overworked, and unless when it is handled by a master, and with moderation, as in "A Tale of Two Cities," the reader is apt to resent it. If the likeness is once granted the rest is too easy. I write with some irritation upon the matter because I had once a double myself, who gave me considerable inconvenience, though it is hardly necessary to say I made a few guineas out of the resemblance. But except as regards twins these close resemblances are, in fact, very rare. Lawyers are particularly contemptuous respecting them, perhaps because they have been now and then the cause of a miscarriage of justice. When they do occur they are invaluable to that line of defence so popular with Mr. Weller senior—an alibi. It is amazing how Nature manages to make her millions of men and women without a duplicate. We are often like one another, but rarely very like. The exceptions are worth noting. At Lewisham the other day a potman was arrested on a warrant for not supporting his wife and children. He admitted that a photograph he was shown was one of himself; his wife recognised him in court, though on coming close up to the dock she was doubtful, and eventually acknowledged it was only a striking resemblance. He has got £10 out of the Lewisham Guardians for false imprisonment. What renders the thing more amazing is that the man "wanted" is of the same trade, a potman, is twenty-six years of age, has three children, and a wife named Sarah, which is also the other

one's case. Nature, when she turned out these two individuals, must have run very short of materials.

A double may be an advantage to us or the reverse; it depends upon his character and position. If these are better than ours, we benefit: we get money (on false pretences) lent us; we are successful (beyond our merits) with the fair sex; we are made more familiar with good society than we should have a chance of being as a single individual. On the other hand, if you are his superior, a double may play the deuce with you, and even land you in the dock at the Old Bailey. It is thought unlucky in Germany to see your double, and, indeed, a presage of death. This is all rubbish. I used to see my double without the least harm coming of it. We were certainly very like: he was a very good-looking, pleasant-faced, bright young fellow. When a woman in widow's weeds met me one day, threw up her hands, cried "Jack, again!" and went into hysterics, I knew that I had lost my double.

A subject interesting to authors is discussed in the *Critic* as regards the publication of novels in serial. Does this help or hurt the book form? That it does not damage it very seriously is clear from the fact of all the most popular stories being now published in this way, for notwithstanding the large sums paid for serial rights they would not make up for any considerable deterioration in the value of the book itself. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" had vogue enough as a separate publication, yet it first appeared in a magazine. Of course it may be argued, "But it would have had a far greater vogue had it not appeared in a magazine," and to this there can be no reply. A publisher's view is this: "Serial publication helps a good book and hurts a poor one." If readers in the first form like it, they tell their friends, who buy it when it comes out as a volume; or they themselves may like it enough to buy it; whereas, if they don't like it as it appears in serial, they warn their friends against it, who let the book severely alone. My own opinion is that in England at least, with its circulating library system, a great deal depends upon the channel in which a novel makes its first appearance. If it is syndicated in the newspapers its future sale is not affected by it, because those who read serials under such circumstances do not as a rule subscribe to the libraries; and the same argument holds good as regards magazines that appeal to large numbers of readers. The publication of a story in a high-class literary magazine, on the other hand, detracts from its sale in book form, the subscribers to the libraries having already read it. There are, however, so many instances to the contrary of this view, that I state it with hesitation. I should be curious to see whether any of the popular novelists of to-day, who all publish in serial—in magazines or newspapers—would succeed in separate monthly parts such as Dickens used. It was attempted by at least two great writers in his own time, but not, it is understood, with success. What is very curious, some of the most popular stories of this century have appeared in various periodicals without having any appreciatory effect upon their circulation. Even "The Woman in White," I believe, the popularity of which in book form was quite phenomenal, did not much benefit "Household Words," in which it first appeared. The same may be said, I have heard, of "Treasure Island" and "The Black Arrow."

The authoress of "A Village Tragedy" does not spare her readers' feelings; if they object to sombre pictures and to "bad endings" they must go to other story-tellers. She has no more scruple than the Fat Boy about making one's blood curdle, but one is bound to say that she does it much more artistically. In "Wild Justice," not a novel but a play, she has surpassed herself. There is no relief to the cruelty of the domestic tyrant Gwyllim, or to the despair of the wife and children who are his victims; no one has painted the woes of a household with such tragic force since Shelley gave us "The Cenci." Gwyllim owns a private lighthouse on the Welsh coast, and is by position a gentleman, but of coarse and drunken habits, and inconceivably brutal to all about him. He has driven one of his children from his door to be drowned at sea, another into a mad-house, another, Owain, he has crippled for life; their mother and the rest are almost as hateful to him as he is to them. The house stands quite alone, and they have no neighbours. His wife has appealed to the lawyer and the clergyman for protection against him in vain. One son, Shonnin, is quick at books, and begs to be sent to college at Edinburgh. "Well, go," says his father grimly; as for paying for him, however, that is not to be thought of, even though, upon his honour, the boy promises to pay him back. No; it is time he should earn something, so he is to be sent to keep company with the drunken lighthouse-keeper, with whom no one else can be got to stay. Shonnin declines to go, whereupon his father tells him that no son gets any money out of him till he can knock him down. "Come, knock me down, I say, and you shall have fifty pounds. If not, I knock you down, and you go to the lighthouse." The lad is but young, but he does his best. "Again, boy, again, I give you three times." It is literally a striking scene, though, let us hope, an unusual one in domestic circles. For the dénouement the reader is referred to the play itself: a very short one, but full of original, tragic, and pathetic passages. In "Wild Justice" Mrs. Wood has shown herself a dramatic writer of a high class.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I have had the pleasure of reading a very pretty and graceful compliment paid to the playgoers and dramatic artists of England by the greatest actress of her time, and the legitimate successor of Rachel at the Comédie Française. Sarah Bernhardt was asked to sign a few autograph sheets for sale at the bazaar that is to be held at the end of the month in aid of the Actors' Orphanage Fund. I envy the possessor of one at least of those sheets of notepaper, for on it Sarah Bernhardt records the fact that when she came over to act in England for the first time she did so anxious and apprehensive; on her second visit confidence was restored; and now she declares she would like to end her artistic days with a nation she has grown to love, and among her delightful and loyal English comrades. This is really and truly an historical document. I can well remember as far back as the year 1860, when, except by a very few, French art was as much boycotted in England as English art was sneered at in France. A few of us in those early days worked heart and soul to bring about a comradeship of art between the actors and actresses of France and England. I can assure you it was a most difficult task for any lovers of the stage to attempt. The newspapers for which we wrote at the time were dead against us, insisting on absolute Protection, and refusing to admit the principles of dramatic Free-trade. We were told that by comparing French with English art, and inviting French actors over here, we were "taking the bread out of the mouth of the English actor." True, French artists came over from time to time, and were

voiced goddess had just been blazoned abroad, and the old school were fighting with the young school just as they do now and ever must do. What does it matter? Well, Sarah was playing Doña Sol in "Hernani," and she conquered me there and then. About this time she gave a superb performance of "La Pille de Roland," by Henri Bornier, a play of the time of Charlemagne, which has been put on the shelf. But I have never forgotten Sarah Bernhardt's description of a battle seen by her through a window. She electrified us all. And so she has gone on ever since, until we saw her as Magda the other evening, as great and superb as ever, making Magda a woman with heart as well as with brain. What actress of the present day could give that scene in triumph of maternity so finely as Sarah does? There are no snarls or spite in it, only the defiant joy of a woman whose ruin has made her a mother, and who scorns the snivelling assistance of the man who has socially and domestically made her an outcast.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## VISCOUNT MILTON'S MARRIAGE.

Even in a season of many marriages, the marriage of Viscount Milton and Lady Maud Dundas would be a memorable one. The popular grandson of the Earl of Fitzwilliam was born in Canada in 1872. He lost his father, the late Viscount Milton, sometime a Yorkshire M.P., in 1877, and his mother (a daughter of Lord Charles

Captain Laing is in the district around the Lower Insiza, Lieutenant Forrestall has instructions to destroy all the rebel kraals over a space of eight miles between the river Lune and the Nuanetze.

Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, sends us the following account of one of his sketches, which is reproduced on a subsequent page: "Taylor's Fort, with its crow's-nest look-out, built in a tree, was designed to protect the friendly natives quartered about half a mile outside Buluwayo, and is named after Mr. Taylor, the native Commissioner. While I was making my sketch, the Matabili came over the hill, stole some of our cattle and drove them into the hills, at the same time firing on our guard. Grey's scouts were, however, soon sent out from the town, and the thieves regretted their raid."

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION SHOW.

See Supplement.

The fine grounds amid which Holland House is situated wore a very animated appearance on June 11 and 12, when they were occupied by the dog show held under the auspices of the Ladies' Kennel Association. On the second day, when the Prince and Princess of Wales paid their promised visit, the scene was one of particular brilliancy. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, inspected the dogs in the several tents. A parade of the prize-dogs followed, and the Princess of Wales subsequently distributed the prizes, a ceremony which must have been of especial interest to



Photo Mayal, Piccadilly.

WEDDING AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ON JUNE 24.

Photo H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent.

smuggled into the St. James's Theatre to play before the aristocracy, and from time to time also English actors went over to Paris to act, and to be sneered at by the Parisians, who scarcely to this day believe in English dramatic art.

A little band of art-lovers, including Palgrave Simpson, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, Herman Merivale, J. W. Clarke, of Cambridge, a well-known enthusiast, John Hollingshead, Joseph Knight, who worked with me heart and soul, kept pounding away on this French stage question. We were most loyally assisted by such actors as Irving, the Bancrofts, John Hare, and many more. At last the fortress of Protection was broken down. The flag of Free-trade was unfurled, and on one memorable summer morning at the Crystal Palace we found ourselves entertaining the whole of the company of the Comédie Française, who had come over to ask the favour of English hospitality at the close of the Franco-German War, and were acting at the Opéra Comique, London, during the troubles of the Commune. The fight once won, we have never gone back. Mr. M. J. Mayer, our manager-comrade, is now celebrating his twenty-ninth consecutive dramatic season.

And there is another point on which generous and liberal-minded artists like Mr. John Hare, for instance, are never tired of insisting, and that is that this good-fellowship and comradeship have been of immense value to the English stage. English acting, in my humble opinion, has marvellously improved since the French artists came among us and our stage became cosmopolitan, and our vigorous discussions over the rival merits, say, of Salvini and Rossi (alas! just dead), and Regnier and Got, and Delaunay and Bressant, and notably just now over Bernhardt and Duse, do far more good than harm. They show that we all take a deep interest in acting as an art, and, like doughty prize-fighters, we can all shake hands before and after the contest.

How well I remember the first time I ever saw Sarah Bernhardt at the Théâtre Français—well, I would rather not say how many years ago. The fame of the golden-

Beauclerk) in 1886. Lord Milton (whom a newspaper correspondent vainly killed a few months ago) entered Parliament, as quite or nearly its youngest member, with a seat for Wakefield. The popularity which Lord Milton has already won in Yorkshire will not be diminished by the fact that he has not gone beyond the borders of the great and patriotic county for a bride. Lady Maud Frederica Elizabeth Dundas was born in July 1877; she will therefore be barely nineteen when she goes to the altar with a bridegroom only five years her senior. Her elder sister was twenty when she married Lord Southampton; and these are the only two daughters of the Marquis of Zetland. Suited in age, as in all else, the future Lord and Lady Milton have, in each case, a long line of famous ancestry to back them. The Dundas family played a great part in the history of Scotland in ancient days, the while the Fitzwilliams on this side of the Border were earning renown for their open hospitalities, such as will once more prevail on the large English and Irish estates of the present Earl Fitzwilliam in honour of the great wedding to be celebrated on June 24 in St. Paul's Cathedral, a marriage exceptional in its place and in its pomp.

## THE MATABILI INSURRECTION.

Recent news from Matabililand includes but little fresh fighting of importance, though sundry brief skirmishes have taken place. The rebels are still assembling in the Matoppo Hills and at other centres, but do not seem able to face a regular engagement. Captain Macfarlane's column had a brush with an impi at Hollum's Farm, some twenty-five miles north of Buluwayo, on June 8, but was prevented from following the rebels by the density of the bush. Captain Macfarlane has since reported from the Ungusa River that the enemy continue to fall back before his advance. Captain Laing and the convoy under his command have arrived at Belingwe from Victoria without encountering any organised opposition. While

her Royal Highness, inasmuch as the winner of the Elkington Challenge Trophy was her own magnificent Borzoi, Alex. Another interesting award was that of the Seventy-Guinea Challenge Cup, won by the "Champion of Champions." This year, after due elimination, the number of candidates for the honour was reduced to three—a fine St. Bernard, a Skye terrier, and a diminutive Japanese terrier, and of these three the Skye, owned by Mrs. W. J. Hughes, in the end emerged victorious.

## "MAGDA" AT THE LYCEUM.

The production of "Magda" in English was inevitable, but the magnificent performance of Signora Duse, and the clever portrait painted by Madame Sarah Bernhardt, heavily handicapped Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at least in the eyes of those who have studied the drama comparatively. Looking at the Lyceum production of Sudermann's play in this way, one must credit Mr. Forbes-Robertson with having mounted and presented "Magda" in a far better all-round form than either of his actress-predecessors did. And again, his own performance as the pastor was by far the finest reading of the character that has yet been seen in this country. On the other hand, Herr Klein's Colonel Schwartz was more true to life, and more really great than that of Mr. James Fernandez. This was especially the case in the death scene, which is represented by our Artist. Parenthetically it may be noted that the death of the Colonel, while dramatically effective, leaves the story broken off in a jagged manner, for Magda can neither go back to the life of triumph as a singer, with her old untamed Bohemianism, nor can she stay with any sort of peace of mind in her father's melancholy home, where, even after conscience has been dulled, the law and order of her little native town will set her teeth on edge. Yet Mr. Forbes-Robertson must be thanked by all lovers of the drama for affording this opportunity to English folk to see the German masterpiece in their own language.



## PERSONAL.

It is stated that the Duke of York will pay a visit to Canada and Australia. This would give very keen pleasure to the colonists, and for that reason alone it would be a politic act. Proposals for Imperial Federation are still in the air, but the personality of the heir to the Imperial Crown is a tangible thing admirably fitted for a diplomatic tour.

The Czar has conferred the Order of St. Anne on Colonel Welby, who is about to retire from the Scots Greys. Colonel Welby was the Czar's guest at the coronation.

There appears to be no truth in the statement that Lord Llandaff will succeed Lord Dufferin at the British Embassy in Paris. Such an appointment, however, would have the merit of personal fitness. Lord Llandaff is the most accomplished French scholar among English public men. M. Daudet has left on record his surprise and pleasure to discover that his neighbour at a London dinner-party, who spoke French so admirably and knew French life and literature so thoroughly, was Mr. Henry Matthews, formerly Home Secretary.

This week, for the first time since Lord Leighton's death, his rooms bear a strange aspect. Objects are grouped together according to the whim of the catalogue-maker. Everything, once arranged with a decorative precision which is in itself an art, is now in splendid disarray. What was lately a home treasure is now a lot, awaiting removal, in another week, to the auctioneer's. For these things there will be no lack of customers; but the disposal of the house itself still remains a problem. Probably the best solution will be found in an arrangement between the trustees of Lord Leighton and Lord Ilchester, the owner of the land, for the cancelling of the tenure on terms. Meantime the price likely to be fetched at the sale by the four fine Corots is a matter of speculation among connoisseurs.

The town of Peterhead possesses a bronze statue of Marshal Keith, presented by the Emperor William I. in commemoration of the services of the Marshal under Frederick the Great. The Keiths of Peterhead are conspicuous in the history of adventurous Scotch families. James Keith and his brother fled to Germany after the Jacobite rising in 1715. They entered the Prussian service: James as a soldier and his brother as a diplomat. The Marshal was killed in the Seven Years' War, and the diplomatist died peacefully at Potsdam. When the citizens of Peterhead sent a telegram to Kaiser William II. on the two hundredth anniversary of the Marshal's birth, the Emperor replied with a message which recalled the historic exploits of the most famous of the Keiths.

Yale has sent a crew to Henley, and there is considerable expectation that the newcomers will eclipse the Cornell crew of last year. It may be hoped that the international contest in this race will not be followed by the explosion of ill-feeling with which American sportsmen greeted the defeat of Cornell.

Sir William MacGregor, who has received the Founders' Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, is the son of an Aberdeenshire ploughman. He took a medical degree at Aberdeen University, spent some years in Fiji, where he became Receiver-General and succeeded Sir Peter Scratchley as Administrator of British New Guinea.

Expeditions to the Arctic Seas are multiplying, probably under the stress of our tropical weather. Sir George and Lady Baden-Powell propose to visit Nova Zembla with a yachtful of astronomers. If the heat of the English summer continues we may hear that all the steam-yachts are taking a northerly course, and that melting legislators are sighing for Greenland's icy mountains.

"Freedom of speech" in Hyde Park is threatened by the First Commissioner of Works. The miscellaneous oratory which has hitherto raged unchecked on Sunday is to be "regulated." Restrictions will not apply to organised "demonstrations," but the orators who extract halfpence from the languid curiosity of Sabbath idlers will be harassed by the police.

Count Tolstoi has been passing literary judgments for the benefit of the French public. He condemns the "Scandinavian craze" amongst the younger school of French writers, dismisses Zola as "diligent and plodding," and puts Guy de Maupassant at the head of modern French

fiction. This is a startling tribute from the author of "The Kingdom of God is Within You" to the author of "Bel Ami."

The veteran singer Mr. Lewis Thomas, who died on June 12, was born at Bath seventy years ago, and his musical life began as far back as the year 1850, when he became a lay-clerk of Worcester Cathedral. His first appearance in the Metropolis was made four years later, and for a long period thereafter he was prominently associated in oratorio and concert performances with such well-known artists as Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and other musical stars of the



Photo G. W. Seaton, Tufnell Park Road.

THE LATE MR. LEWIS THOMAS.

middle Victorian period. He was for many years one of the finest of oratorio basses. For a brief period he sang at St. Paul's Cathedral, and subsequently for a number of years at the Temple Church and at the Chapel Royal, of which he was appointed a Gentleman in 1857. After his retirement upon a pension, he was a frequent contributor to the musical journalism of the day. During his last illness it was his lot to see his son, Mr. W. H. Thomas, defeated in his candidature for the office of Principal of the Guildhall School of Music by his own friend and associate of many years, Mr. W. Hayman Cummings.

The large staff of male and female clerks employed by Mr. T. J. Lipton paid their annual visit to his place at Osidge, Southgate, on June 13. Among the distinguished guests present were the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane, Mr. Charles Russell, Mr. Thompson, chairman of the Caledonian Railway Company, and the ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin. One of the attractions was the charming song given by the Marchioness of Breadalbane.

King Khama has taken unto himself a third wife. His first wife, Ma-Bese, who was the mother of all his children, died in 1889. In 1890 he married Gasekate, sister of the Chief Bathoen. She died a year and a half later. The



KING KHAMA.

lady whom he led to the altar on May 25 is named Sefhakwane. Her father, Mocokono, is a native of Khama's tribe, and a small chieftain. The marriage was celebrated in the church of the London Missionary Society.

M. Edmond Blanc, whose horse Arreau won the Grand Prix, is the most successful owner of race-horses on the Continent. He was fortunate from the first, for he was little more than a boy when he won the Grand Prix of 1879 with Nubienne; this victory being followed by those of Clamart in 1891, Rueil in 1892, Andrée in 1895, and now Arreau—the latter one of the most popular wins on record.

M. Blanc, who is the only son and heir of M. Blanc of Homburg and Monte Carlo, has devoted a considerable portion of his enormous fortune to his favourite form of sport. He has several racing stables, the principal of these being situated within fifteen miles of Paris, at La Celle, St. Cloud, a village where he owns a large property bought by him some years ago from the Empress Eugénie. M. Edmond Blanc, by the marriages made by his sisters to Prince Constantine Radzinsk and Prince Roland Bonaparte, early became familiar with Parisian society. He at one time took a very active part in French politics, and still represents the Hautes Pyrenées in the Chamber. M. Blanc married some years ago Mlle. Alice Marot, a well-known actress of the Palais-Royal Theatre.

## MUSIC.

On Monday evening, June 15, a concert was given by those two clever young players M. Péckskai and M. Marix Loevensohn, who were associated at the same time with Signor Carlo Ducci, who, with the most paternal manner in the world, accompanied them on the pianoforte. M. Péckskai is not yet a complete master of the violin; he has a touch, audacity, and a good deal of fire; in tender passages he often surprises, in elaborate fireworks he often falls below expectation. M. Loevensohn, whose instrument is the cello, on the other hand, has more maturity of style. In soft and slow music he is heard absolutely at his best, when he plays with a full rich tone, and for the most part flawlessly. Vieuxtemps seems to be a god for these two young artists, and M. Loevensohn certainly played him extremely well. The concert concluded with a really noble performance of a Mendelssohn trio.

On Wednesday, June 10, a performance of "Aida" was given at Covent Garden with no very splendid cast. Madame Adini took the part of Aida, and was certainly dramatic enough in the part; but her vibrato is painfully oppressive, and her manner is so extremely theatrical and operatic that it is impossible to look upon her or to hear her with sympathy. No more delightful was Madame Mantelli in the character of Amneris; her manner lacks gracefulness, and, though she has a stage custom, she is decidedly unconvincing. Plançon as the priest was exceedingly fine, and Ancona as King of Ethiopia sang well. Still, it was worth while hearing "Aida," even under somewhat limited conditions. On Saturday, June 13, a performance of "Die Walküre" took place. The band was superb certainly, and Signor Mancinelli's conducting was magnificent and effective; moreover, Signor Alvarez as Siegmund was charming and sympathetic; Madame Lola Beeth's Sieglinde was a promising beginning for this young singer in London; M. Albers as Wotan lacked power, and M. Castelmary's Hunding was scarcely impressive; Madame Mantelli's Brünnhilde was vigorous, but wanted in tenderness and sweetness.

The performance of "Tannhäuser" on June 16 was notable chiefly for the appearance of Madame Lola Beeth in the part of Elizabeth. This is an operatic actress who doubtless will in time take quite a distinct position in her art. She has beauty, although certainly a little of the lilies-and-roses, doll-like order; she has a distinguished manner, a sense of gracefulness, and a pretty kind of dignity; her voice is powerful, her range is wide; but she has

so unfortunate and persistent a tendency to sing the least trifle flat that she sometimes disappoints where her hearers have every desire to be pleased. These remarks apply so precisely to her Elizabeth that they need no amplification for this particular character. As on the former occasion of the production of this opera M. Alvarez took the title-rôle with brilliant success and distinction.

Too late for notice in our present issue, Madame Melba was announced to appear for the first time at Covent Garden this season in "Roméo et Juliette." The cast of the opera on this occasion was

such as has very rarely been seen even upon boards that have supported so many artists of great eminence. Melba, of course, was to be Juliette, Jean de Reszke, Roméo; Edouard de Reszke, Frère Laurent; and Plançon, Capulet. Such a company must make an enormous call upon the managerial resources, and it is therefore no surprise to learn that, for this occasion, the price of stalls was raised to twenty-five shillings apiece. It is a curious fact also to note with respect to Madame Melba's Juliette that the famous waltz of the first act is the song in all music which she least likes to sing. She esteems it the most difficult air in the world to give with its proper and due effect.



KING KHAMA'S THIRD BRIDE, SEFHAKWANE.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral, accompanied by Princess Christian and the Princess of Leiningen. Lord Cross is there as Minister in attendance on her Majesty.

The Princess of Wales on June 10 held a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace on behalf of the Queen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud and the Duke and Duchess of York, have gone to stay at Silwood Park, Sunning Hill, during Ascot Races. Their Royal Highnesses on Friday visited the annual Dog Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association in the grounds of Holland House, Kensington; and the prizes were distributed by the Princess of Wales. On the preceding day, June 11, the Prince of Wales presided at a special dinner at the Imperial Institute in aid of the funds of Guy's Hospital, made an earnest and impressive speech, and attended a reception, at which a company of five or six thousand persons assembled. The appeal for donations and subscriptions to support the hospital by a re-endowment fund has produced over £167,528.

Hackney was favoured, on June 9, with the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their two yet unmarried daughters, at the Public Baths, Lower Clapton Road, where their Royal Highnesses were received by Lord

documents were put in evidence. On Monday, the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, who with the Solicitor-General, Sir Robert Finlay, and four other counsel for the Crown, was conducting the prosecution, having completed his case, applied to have six of the defendants committed for trial under the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870.

Their alleged offence is that of having, in December last, at Mafeking, in British Bechuanaland, and at Pitsani Pitlogo, in the Bechuana Protectorate, within the Queen's dominions, unlawfully prepared a military expedition against a friendly State, namely, the South African Republic. The leading counsel on their behalf, Sir Edward Clarke, intimated that an objection would be taken at the trial, on the grounds that Pitsani Pitlogo was not within the British sovereignty, and that the Foreign Enlistment Act had not, at the time, been expressly proclaimed to be of force in British Bechuanaland, although that country had been annexed to the Cape Colony.

The Magistrate committed for trial the six leading defendants—namely, Dr. Jameson, Major Sir John Willoughby, Bart., Colonel the Hon. H. F. White, Colonel Raleigh Grey, Major the Hon. Robert White, and Major the Hon. Charles Coventry. The prosecution of nine other defendants was withdrawn—namely, Major J. B. Stacey,

Catholics from our fleet, attended divine worship with the Pope, received a benediction from his Holiness, and gave him three hearty English cheers. They afterwards inspected the museums and galleries of art in the Vatican, and the Cathedral of St. Peter, and were entertained with a dinner given by St. Peter's Club; Monsignor Stonor, the Abbé Strickland, and other English, Scottish, and Irish prelates, aided by the Duke of Norfolk, having made all these arrangements. Our countrymen in the evening attended a special service, with a sermon preached in English by Canon Moyes, before returning to the seaport and to their ships.

The visit of the members of the British Institute of Naval Architects to Berlin from June 10 to June 13, Wednesday morning to Saturday evening, has been almost equally remarkable as a display of sympathetic international courtesies and of the bond in which common intellectual pursuits tend to unite men all over Europe. Lord Hopetoun, the President, and the members of the Council, were received with high honours at the Polytechnic Academy at Charlottenburg, where the Emperor William II., wearing the uniform of a British Admiral, with several Ministers of State and high officials, especially those of the German Navy, met them very cordially, and became an honorary member of the Institute. His Majesty did not



THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE: THE HARBOUR OF CANEA.

and Lady Amherst and a local committee to open a charity bazaar for the Band of Hope Union.

The most important political proceeding of the week has been the meeting, on Monday, at the Foreign Office, of Unionist members of the House of Commons, at which the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour announced the course to be taken by the Government with the remaining business of the Session; the intended adjournment, about August 12, to a date early in January, carrying over the Education Bill; and the completion of this Session in March, to be immediately followed by another Session. The Opposition party has held a conference of the Midland Counties Liberal Federation at Derby, at which Lord Tweedmouth spoke; and Mr. Asquith has addressed a similar meeting at Reading. The Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, on Saturday evening, at the Imperial Institute, received delegates from many of the Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom. The right hon. gentleman had previously, on June 9, attended their Conference, at Grocers' Hall, in the City.

The marble statue of the late Earl Granville, in the St. George's Hall of the Palace of Westminster, was unveiled on June 11 by the Earl of Kimberley, in the presence of many members of the two Houses of Parliament.

The examination, at Bow Street Police Office, by Sir John Bridge, the presiding magistrate, of the charges against Dr. L. S. Jameson and fourteen officers of the British South Africa Company's Matabiland armed police and the British Bechuanaland armed police, was continued on Thursday, June 11, Friday, and Monday. Witnesses recently arrived from South Africa, and certain letters, telegrams, and other

Major C. H. Villiers, Captain K. J. Kincaid-Smith, Lieutenant H. M. Grenfell, Captain C. P. Foley, Captain C. L. D. Monroe, Captain C. F. Lindsell, Captain E. C. S. Holden, and Captain A. V. Gosling. These were immediately discharged; the six others were set at liberty upon renewing their bail to appear at the trial.

In Paris, on June 10, the Marchioness of Dufferin, wife of the accomplished and very distinguished British Ambassador, who is about to quit the diplomatic service, received from many English ladies resident there, joined by not a few Americans, a handsome gift in the shape of a clock and candelabra, as a testimonial of their esteem; some money is also to be given to the Victoria Home and another British charitable institution founded by her Ladyship in Paris.

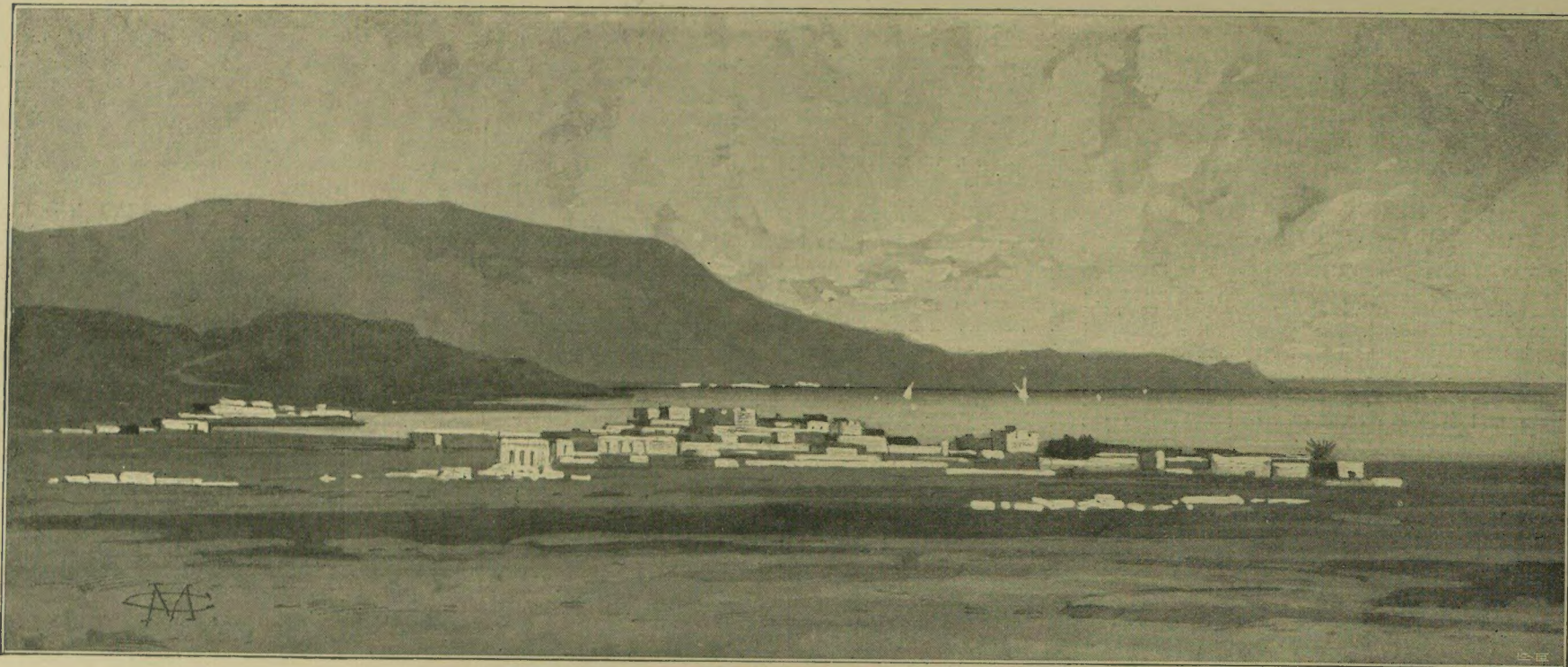
The British Mediterranean Squadron, under command of Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, has been lying some days at Civita Vecchia, the port from which Rome is most accessible by railway; and large parties of the officers and seamen have, by special invitation, enjoyed the public hospitalities of the Italian capital and seen the objects most interesting to visitors of that famous city. Sir Clare Ford, the British Ambassador to the King of Italy, entertained some of the officers, with a company including the Prime Minister and the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of the Marine Department. The Admiral was received by his Majesty King Humbert; and on Thursday, June 11, there were seven hundred of our sailors and marines in that city. On Sunday, what may perhaps appear not less significant, a congregation in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, including 368 Roman

forget to tell the Chief Constructor of the British Fleet that his own sailing yacht, the *Meteor*, "by her fine lines," had that day beaten the Prince of Wales's *Britannia* by twenty-five minutes on a course of forty-two miles. On Friday evening about three hundred of these English guests were entertained by the Emperor and Empress at the New Palace at Potsdam; there were splendid illuminations and a torchlight procession of soldiers, with music performed by the bands of eight regiments, in the park.

The court-martial at Massowah on General Baratieri, late Commander-in-Chief of the Italian army in Abyssinia, so unaccountably defeated at the battle of Adowa, has resulted in his acquittal of any military crime or offence, but with an expression of regret that the army should have been entrusted to such an incompetent leader.

In the Anglo-Egyptian military "advance towards Dongola," since the brilliant initial victory at Firket on June 7, followed next day by Major Burn-Murdoch's occupation of Suarda with the cavalry, camelry, and artillery, the "Dervishes" or Mahdists still retreating southward, rapid and solid progress has been daily effected. All the leaders of the hostile army, Emirs by rank, except Osman Azrak, who escaped from Suarda in great hurry, were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, and their troops were dispersed. The Emir Hammuda, chief in command, was left dead on the field of battle. Firket, Ginnis, and Suarda are now garrisoned and being fortified as the advance posts, and the railway is being constructed to Firket. General Sir Herbert Kitchener, the Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief, has inspected these posts, and was at Suarda on Sunday last.

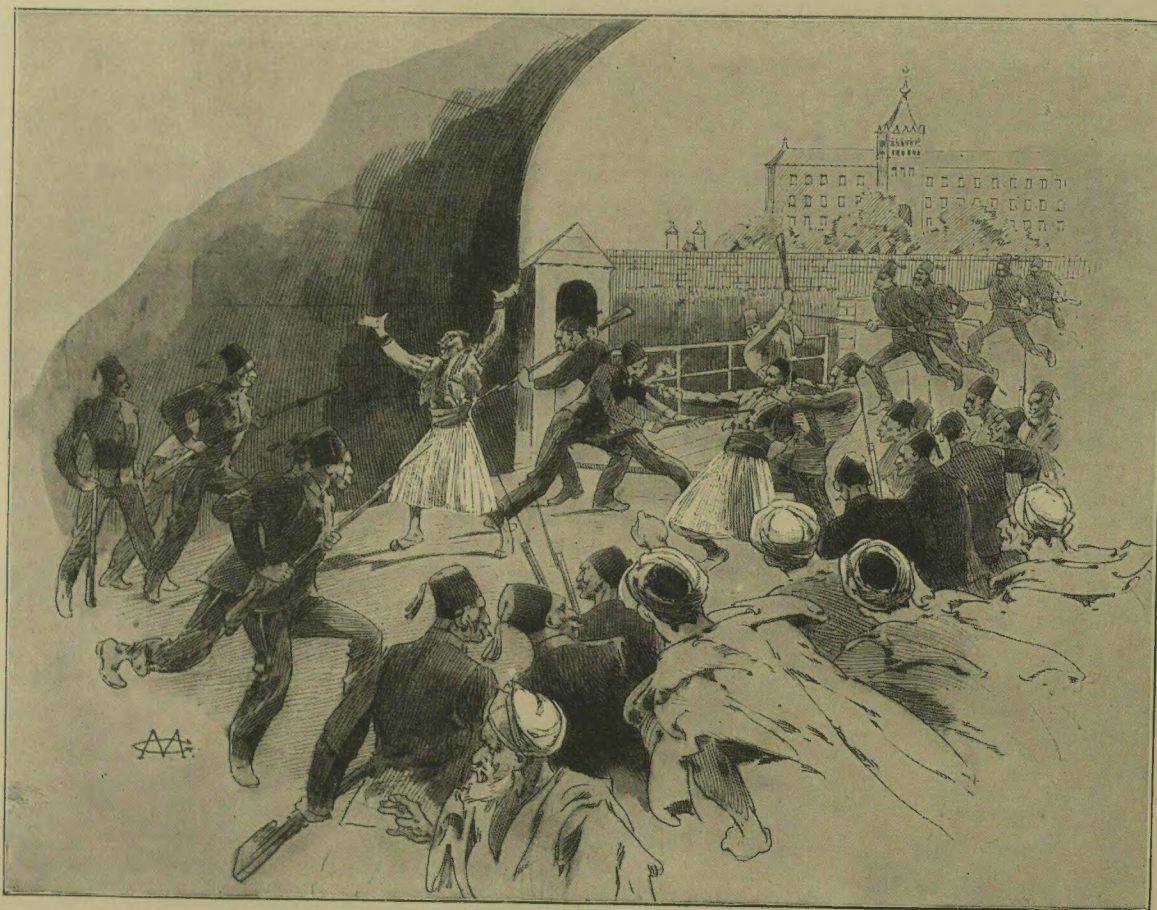




THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE: KISAMOS, ON THE NORTH COAST OF THE ISLAND.

### INSURRECTION IN CRETE.

The several European Powers having naval and commercial interests in the Mediterranean are just now anxiously watching the struggle which has again recommenced between the Greek population of Crete or Candia, which after Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica, is the largest island in that sea, and the forces of its sovereign, the Sultan of Turkey. The prospects of political independence, or, rather, of eventual annexation to the kingdom of Greece, do not seem hopeful for the Greeks. The Turkish soldiery, by all accounts, have displayed in this island a remarkable decline of their old military quality, behaving more like brigands, in cruel orgies of massacre, outrage, and plunder. The newly appointed Governor, Abdullah Pasha, has failed hitherto, if he has



ASSASSINATION OF THE KAVASSES OF THE RUSSIAN AND GREEK CONSULS AT CANEA.

seriously endeavoured, to check these savage practices, and five European Consuls at Canea have jointly protested against them.

It is admitted, on the other hand, that murders and other outrages have been perpetrated by some bands of Greek insurgents belonging to a rude highland race, and not subject to any discipline or military command. The state of affairs is very different in some districts and at one end or side of the island from that which prevails at another. In the town of Canea, a well frequented port on the north coast, a Musulman mob, supported by the Turkish soldiers, rioted and committed great excesses, killing the "kavasses" or chief guards of the Russian and Greek Consuls. We are furnished by an English correspondent with sketches illustrating the most recent scenes and incidents of this deplorable conflict.



THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE: VAMOS, NEAR SUDA BAY, WHERE TURKISH TROOPS WERE DEFEATED.





ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## XVIII.

11° 30' 19" N. LAT. BY 56° 10' 49" W. LONG.

The announcement of the approach of Captain Horn created a sensation upon the *Summer Shelter* almost equal to that occasioned by any of the extraordinary incidents which had occurred upon that vessel. Burke and Shirley were wild with delight at the idea of meeting their old friend and commander. Willy Croup had never seen Captain Horn, but she had heard so much about him that she considered him in her mind as being of the nature of a heathen deity who rained gold upon those of whom he approved, and utterly annihilated the unfortunates who incurred his displeasure.

As for Mrs. Cliff, her delight in the thought of meeting Captain Horn, great as it was, was overshadowed by her almost frantic desire to clasp once more in her arms her dear friend Edna. The clergymen had heard everything that the *Summer Shelter* people could tell them about Captain Horn and his exploits, and each man of them was anxious to look into the face and shake the hand of the brave sailor whom they had learned to look upon as a hero, and one or two of them thought that it might be proper, under the circumstances, to resume their clerical attire before the interview. But this proposition when mentioned was discountenanced. They were here as sailors to work the yacht, and they ought not to be ashamed to look like sailors. The yacht was now put about and got under headway, and slowly moved in the direction of the approaching steamer.

When Captain Horn had finished the fight in which he was engaged with the *Vittorio*, and had steamed down in the direction of the two other vessels in the vicinity, it was not long before he discovered that one of them was an American yacht. Why it and the *Dunkery Beacon* should be lying there together, he could not even imagine; but he was quite sure that this must be the vessel owned by Mrs. Cliff, and commanded by his old shipmate Burke.

When at last the *Monterey* and the *Summer Shelter* were lying side by side within hailing distance, and

Captain Horn had heard the stentorian voice of Burke roaring through his trumpet, he determined that he and Edna would go on board the yacht, for there were dead men and wounded men on his own vessel, and the condition of his deck was not such as he would wish to be seen by Mrs. Cliff and whatever ladies might be with her.

When Captain Horn and his wife, with Captain Hagar, rowed by four men, reached the side of the *Summer Shelter*, they were received with greater honour and joy than had ever been accorded to an admiral and his suite. The meeting of the five friends was as full of excited affection as if they were not now standing in the midst of strange

circumstances, and, perhaps, many dangers of which none of them understood but a part.

Captain Horn seized the first opportunity which came to him to ask the question, "What's the matter with your yacht? You seem to have had a smash-up forward."

"Yes," said Burke, "there's been a collision. Those beastly hounds tried to run us down; but we caught her squarely on her bow."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by a shout from Captain Hagar, who had taken notice of nobody on the yacht, but stood looking over the water at his old ship. "What's the matter," he cried, "with the *Dunkery*



He seized it and raised it to his shoulder, but in an instant Captain Horn took hold of it, pointing it upwards.



*Beacon?* Has she sprung a leak? Are those the pirates still on board?"

Captain Horn and the others quickly joined him. "Sprung a leak!" cried Shirley. "She's got a hole in her bow as big as a barrel. I've been on board of her, but I can't tell you about that now! There's no use to think of doing anything. Those are bloody pirates that are lowering the boats, and we can't go near them. Besides, you can see for yourself that the steamer is settling down by the head fast as she can."

Captain Horn was almost as much excited as the unfortunate commander of the *Dunkery Beacon*. "Where's that gold?" he cried. "Where is it stowed?"

"It is in the forward hold with a lot of cargo on top of it!" groaned Captain Hagar.

Shirley now spoke again. "Don't think about the gold," he said. "I kept my eyes open and my ears sharpened when I was on board, and although I didn't understand all their lingo, I knew what they were at. When they found there was no use pumping or trying to stop the leak, they tried to get at that gold, but they couldn't do it. The water was coming in right there, and the men would not rig up the tackle to move the cargo. They were all wild when I left."

Captain Horn said no more, but stood with the others, gazing at the *Dunkery Beacon*; but Captain Hagar beat his hands upon the rail, and declared over and over again, that he would rather never have seen the ship again than to see her sink there before his eyes with all that treasure on board. The yacht lay near enough to the *Dunkery Beacon* for Captain Hagar to see plainly what was going on on his old ship without the aid of a glass. With eyes glaring madly over the water, he stood leaning upon the rail, his face pale, and his whole form shaking as if he had a chill. Every one on the deck of the yacht gathered around him, but no one said anything. This was no time for asking questions or making explanations.

The men on the *Dunkery Beacon* were hurrying to leave the vessel. One of the starboard boats was already in the water with too many men in her. The vessel had keeled over so much that there seemed to be difficulty in lowering the boats on the port side. Everybody seemed rushing to starboard, and two other boats were swinging out on their davits. Every time the bow of the steamer rose and fell upon the swell it seemed to go down a little more and up a little less, and the deck was slanted so much that the men appeared to slide down to the starboard bulwarks.

Now the first boat pushed off from the sinking ship, and the two others, both crowded, were soon pulling after her. It was not difficult to divine their intentions. The three boats headed immediately for the north-east, where, less than two miles away, the *Vittorio* could be plainly seen.

At this moment Captain Hagar gave a yell; he sprang back from the rail, and his eyes fell upon a rifle which had been laid upon a bench by one of the clergymen. He seized it and raised it to his shoulder, but in an instant Captain Horn took hold of it, pointing it upwards. "What are you going to do?" he said. "Captain, you don't mean to fire at them?"

"Of course I mean it!" cried Captain Hagar. "We've got them in a bunch. We must follow them up and shoot them down like rats!"

"We'll get up steam and run them down!" shouted Burke. "We ought to sink them, one boat after another, the rascally pirates! They tried to sink us!"

"No, no," said Captain Horn, taking the gun from Captain Hagar, "we can't do that. That's a little too cold-blooded. If they attack us we'll fight them, but we can't take capital punishment into our own hands."

Now the excited thoughts of Captain Hagar took another turn. "Lower a boat! Lower a boat!" he cried. "Let me be pulled to the *Dunkery*! Everything I own is on that ship—the pirates wouldn't let me take anything away. Lower a boat! I can get into my cabin!"

Shirley now stepped to the other side of Captain Hagar. "It's no use to think of that, Captain," he said. "It would be regular suicide to go on board that vessel. Those fellows were afraid to stay another minute. She'll go down before you know it. Look at her bows now!"

Captain Hagar said no more, and the little company on the deck of the yacht stood pale and silent, gazing out over the water at the *Dunkery Beacon*. Willy Croup was crying, and there were tears in the eyes of Mrs. Cliff and Edna. In the heart of the latter was a deep, deep pain, for she knew what her husband was feeling at that moment. She knew it had been the high aim of his sensitive and honourable soul that the gold for which he had laboured so hard and dared so much should safely reach, in every case, those to whom it had been legally adjudged. If it should fail to reach them, where was the good of all that toil and suffering? He had in a measure taken upon himself the responsibility of the safe delivery of that treasure, and now here he was standing, and there was the treasure sinking before his eyes. As she stood close by him, Edna seized her husband's hand and pressed it. He returned the pressure, but no word was said.

Now the *Dunkery Beacon* rolled more heavily than she had done yet, and as she went down in the swell it seemed as if the water might almost flow over her forward bulwarks, and her bow came up with difficulty, as if it were sticking fast in the water. Her masts and funnel were slanting far over to starboard, and when, after rising once more, she

put her head again into the water, she dipped in it so deep that her rail went under and did not come up again. Her stern seemed to rise in the air, and at the same time the sea appeared to lift itself along her whole length. Then, with a dip forward of her funnel and masts, she suddenly went down out of sight, and the water churned and foamed and eddied about the place where she had been. The gold of the Incas was on its way to the bottom of the unsounded sea!

Captain Hagar sat down upon the deck and covered his face with his hands. No one said anything to him—there was nothing to say. The first to speak was Mrs. Cliff.

"Captain Horn," said she, her voice so shaken by her emotion that she scarcely spoke above a whisper, "we did everything we could, and this is what has come of it!"

"Everything!" exclaimed Captain Horn, suddenly turning towards her. "You have done far more than could be expected by mortals! And now," said he, turning to the little party, "don't let one of us grieve another minute for the sinking of that gold. If anybody has a right to grieve it's Captain Hagar here. He's lost his ship; but many a good sailor has lost his ship and lived and died a happy man after it. And as to the cargo you carried, my mate," said he, "you would have done your duty by it just the same if it had been pig-lead or gold; and, when you have done your duty, there's an end of it! That's my opinion. Here's my hand on it!"

Captain Hagar looked up, rose to his feet, and, after gazing for a second in the face of Captain Horn, he took his extended hand. "You're a good one!" said he, "but you're bound to agree that it's tough. There's no getting around that. It's all-fired tough!"

"Burke," said Captain Horn quickly, glancing up at the noonday sun, "put her out there near that wreckage and take an observation."

It was shortly after this that Mr. Portman, the sailing-master, came aft and reported the position of the yacht to be eleven degrees thirty minutes nineteen seconds north latitude by fifty-six degrees ten minutes forty-nine seconds west longitude.

"What's the idea," said Burke to Captain Horn, "of steering right to the spot? Do you think there'll ever be a chance of getting at it?"

Captain Horn was marking the latitude and longitude in his note-book. "Can't say what future ages may do in the way of deep-sea work," said he; "but I'd like to put a dot on my chart that will show where the gold went down."

Nothing could be more unprofitable for the shaken and disturbed spirits of the people on the *Summer Shelter* than to stand gazing at the few pieces of wood and the half-submerged hencoop which floated above the spot where the *Dunkery Beacon* had gone down, or to look out at the three boats which the pirates were vigorously rowing toward the steamer in the distance, and this fact strongly impressed itself upon the practical mind of Mrs. Cliff.

"Captain Horn," said she, "is there any reason why we should not go away?"

"None in the world," said he, "and there's every reason why your vessel and mine should get under head-way as soon as possible. Where are you bound for now?"

"Wherever you say, Captain," she answered. "This is my ship, and Mr. Burke is my captain, but we want you to take care of us, and you must tell us where we should go."

"We'll talk it over," said he; and, calling Burke and Captain Hagar, a consultation was immediately held, and it did not take long to come to a decision when all concerned were of the same mind.

It was decided to set sail immediately for Kingston, for each vessel had coal enough, with the assistance of her sails, to reach that port. Mrs. Cliff insisted that Edna should not go back to the *Monterey*, and Captain Horn agreed to this plan, for he did not at all wish any woman-kind on the *Monterey* in her present condition. The yacht had been found to be perfectly seaworthy, and, although a little water was coming in, her steam-pump kept her easily disposed of. Edna accepted Mrs. Cliff's invitation provided her husband would agree to remain on the yacht, and, somewhat to her surprise, he was perfectly willing to do this. The idea had come to him that the best thing for all parties, and especially for the comfort and relief of the mind of Captain Hagar, was to put him in command of a ship and give him something to think about other than the loss of his vessel.

While they were talking over these matters and making arrangements to send to the *Monterey* for Edna's maid and some of her baggage, Captain Horn found Burke in his room.

"I want to know," said he, "what sort of a crew you've got on board this yacht. One of them—a very intelligent-looking man, by the way, with black trousers on—came up to me just now and shook hands with me, and said he was ever so much pleased to make my acquaintance, and hoped he would soon have some opportunities of conversation with me. That isn't the kind of deck-hand I'm accustomed to."

Burke laughed.

"It's the jolliest, high-toned upper-ten crew that ever swabbed a deck or shovelled coal. They're all ministers!"

"Ministers!" ejaculated Captain Horn, absolutely

aghast. Then Burke told the story of the synod. Captain Horn sank into a chair, leaned back, and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

"I didn't suppose," he said presently, "that anything could make me laugh on a day like this, but the story of those synod gentlemen has done it. But, Burke, there's no use of their serving as seamen any longer. Let them put on their black clothes and be comfortable and happy. I've got a double crew on board the *Monterey*, and can bring over just as many men as are needed to work this yacht. I'll go over myself and detail a crew, and then, when everything is made ready, I'll come on board here myself. And after that I want you to remember that I'm a passenger and haven't anything to do with the sailing of this ship. You're captain, and must attend to your own vessel, and I'm going to make it my business to get acquainted with all these clergymen and that lady I see with Mrs. Cliff. Who is she?"

"By George!" exclaimed Burke. "She's the leading trump of the world! That's Willy Croup!"

There was no time then to explain why Willy was a leading trump, but Captain Horn afterwards heard the story of how she backed the ship, and he did not wonder at Burke's opinion.

When the *Summer Shelter*, accompanied by the *Monterey*, had started northward, Burke stood by Shirley on the bridge. Mr. Burdette had a complete crew of able seamen under his command: there was a cook in the kitchen, and stewards in the saloons, and there was a carpenter with some men at work at a spare spar, which was to be rigged as a bowsprit.

"I'm mighty glad to lay her course for home," said Burke, "for I've had enough of it as things are, but if things were not exactly as they are, I wouldn't have enough of it."

"What do you mean?" said Shirley.

"I mean this," was the answer. "If this was my yacht, and there were no women on board, and no ministers, I would have put on a full head of steam, and I would have gone after those boats, and I would have run them down, one after another, and drowned every bloody pirate on board of them. It makes my blood boil to think of these scoundrels getting away after trying to run us down and to shoot you!"

"It would have served them right to run them down, you know," said Shirley; "but you couldn't do it, and there's no use talking about it. It would have been a cold-blooded piece of business to run down a small boat with a heavy steamer, and I don't believe you would have been willing to do it yourself when you got close up to them! But the Captain says if we get to Kingston in good time, we may be able to get a cable message to London, and set the authorities at every likely port on the look-out for the *Vittorio*."

The voyage of the *Summer Shelter* to Kingston was uneventful, but in many respects a very pleasant one. There had been a great disappointment; there had been a great loss, and, to the spirits of some of the party, there had been a great shock; but everyone now seemed determined to forget everything which had been unfortunate, and to remember only that they were all alive, all safe, all together, and all on their way home.

The clergymen, relieved of their nautical duties, shone out brightly as good-humoured and agreeable companions. Their hardships and their dangers had made them so well acquainted with each other, and with everybody else on board, and they had found it so easy to become acquainted with Captain and Mrs. Horn, and they all felt so much relieved from the load of anxiety which had been lifted from them, that they performed well their parts in making up one of the jolliest companies that ever sailed over the South Atlantic.

At Kingston, the *Summer Shelter* and the *Monterey* were both left—the former to be completely repaired, and brought home by Mr. Portman, and the other to be coaled and sent back to Vera Cruz, with her officers and her crew—and our whole party, including Captain Hagar, sailed in the next mail steamer for New York.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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## LORD KELVIN'S PROFESSORIAL JUBILEE.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

"Whom the gods love, die young" is a phrase which, despite its antiquity, conforms to the equally familiar aphorism that "exceptions prove the rule." Happily, the exceptions are not few. When we enter the domains of letters and science, and note the hale and hearty old age which often marks the declining years of distinguished men, one may very well be tempted to think that the gifts of the gods—whether these be compatible or not with the love of the deities—are perfectly consistent possessions with the enjoyment of a long and an honoured career. Darwin died at an advanced age; Sir Richard Owen was a still older man at his death; Faraday had seen a long and active life; and Huxley had attained the Psalmist's limit when he passed to that bourne whence no traveller returns. These examples are sufficient to show us that hard intellectual work, as Dr. W. B. Carpenter held—and he himself was an illustration of his own contention—was perfectly compatible with a healthy old age. I might instance many of her Majesty's judges as examples of the same truth. The Master of the Rolls is a very old man, hale and hearty I fancy; and Mr. Justice Hawkins is similarly a legal wonder in respect of his acumen and activity. It is a duty of more than pleasant kind when one has to chronicle the honours paid to a *savant* who, still amongst us, enjoys not only the well earned honours showered upon him by Sovereign and seats of learning alike, but receives from the University in which the best part of his life as a teacher has been spent a unique proof of the esteem in which he is held by his colleagues in the educational work with which he has been connected so honourably and so long. The jubilee of the professorship of Lord Kelvin, celebrated in the University of Glasgow on June 15 and 16, is an event worth chronicling, both on account of the distinctive feature of the occasion and on that connected more nearly with the personal history of the venerable Professor himself.

I have before me a calendar of the University of Glasgow bearing date 1885-86. Since that period several changes have occurred in the teaching staff of the University, but I select the calendar for these years for remark because my own more intimate connection with the University as an examiner in the faculty of Medicine terminated shortly after the last-named period. The name of Sir William Thomson, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., is duly set forth therein as that of the incumbent of the Chair of Natural Philosophy, and the date of his appointment is also given as 1846. Fifty years of a professoriate are about as rarely to be chronicled as fifty years of a sovereign's reign, and now that the jubilee of the Professor of Physics of Glasgow University falls due, it is only meet that we should recall to mind something of the man and his work, whom not his own University alone, but every other seat of learning delights to honour. As I glance down the list of Professors, and of the dates at which they began their work, I find everybody included far behind Lord Kelvin. Professor Grant, of the Chair of Astronomy, comes next to Lord Kelvin, for he began his work in 1859. Professor W. T. Gairdner, M.D., the Nestor of the medical side, and the late Professor John Nichol were both inducted in 1862. The late Professor Veitch was inducted in 1864, being preceded by Professor Ramsay in 1863; while Professor Edward Caird, now Master of Balliol, and my good friend John Young, Professor of Natural History, both assumed office in 1866. Thence we pass nearer to the days that are. The Principal, most famous of Scottish divines, John Caird, we must not forget, became Professor of Divinity in 1862, and was appointed Principal in 1873. A "Statute of Royal Visitation," bearing date 1727, declares that "the precedence of the Masters in point of ceremony shall, in all time coming, be that the Professor of Divinity take place first after the Principal, and that all the other Masters and Professors, of whatever kind, take place of other according to the seniority and time of their admission into their respective offices." So that with an eye to the precedence of the Kirk (which is a feature of Scottish life and nature all over) Lord Kelvin ranks in his own school first after the Divinity Professor.

It was in 1577 that Lord Kelvin's chair was founded by the Charter of *Nova Erectio*. It would seem that the Professor had to teach other things than physics, for in 1727, I read, he was "confined to the department of Natural Philosophy." In those days knowledge had not grown "from more to more," and one man might fairly well have taught nearly the whole range of physical science, just as not so long

ago a Professor might have been heard teaching anatomy and physiology—each a big science of itself; or just as, greatly to his regret, my friend John Young is compelled to fire a double-barrelled course of zoology and geology from his chair in Glasgow to-day—thanks to the somewhat absurd overlook, limitation—call it what you will—of University Commissioners. The predecessors of Lord Kelvin from 1727 were, first, Robert Dick plain, then Robert Dick, M.D., and then John Anderson, M.A. Next came James Brown, LL.D. in 1796, and in 1803 he was succeeded by W. Meckleham, LL.D. The next date brings us to 1846, when William Thomson assumed office. He was then twenty-two years of age, so that he was born in 1824.

Like Tyndall, Lord Kelvin hails from Belfast. There is something about the air of the North of Ireland which breeds sturdy thinkers. Whether it is the compound of Scottish Presbyterianism with the quickness and tact of the Celt that evolves men of mark, I know not; suffice it to say that Ulstermen have occasion to be proud of at least two of their sons, and by no means the lesser of the two, intellectually, stands William Thomson himself. But Lord Kelvin had come of a mathematical stock. Weismann tells us we are to discredit paternal influences as agents in bringing about the perpetuation of acquired characters. This, to my mind, is a foolish theory indeed, and one which is gradually receiving its deserved quietus in biology. Heredity is mostly a matter of acquired odds and ends, and of the strengthening of paternal and maternal strains. Lord Kelvin's father was James Thomson, LL.D., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow from 1832 to 1849, so that father and son, for a brief period, must have been colleagues in the Faculty of Arts. Then, was not Professor James Thomson, C.E., LL.D., F.R.S., the incumbent of the Chair of Civil Engineering and Mechanics since 1873, Lord Kelvin's brother? Here is a mathematical strain or tendency, call it what you

his greatest contributions to that practical science which is one with the safety and advancement of mankind have been wrought out. One has but to peer into the laboratory attached to Lord Kelvin's department to form some idea of the intricacy and magnitude of the researches on which he has been engaged. The laboratory is under the charge of Lord Kelvin's assistant and nephew, Dr. J. Bottomley, who, I fancy, still holds the post of Arnett and Thomson Demonstrator in Experimental Physics.

When Lord Kelvin figures as a teacher I am afraid a very general impression prevails that he is not in his happiest vein and mood. Possibly this is so. It is a difficult matter for a man concerned with the loftiest things in his science, with abstruse deductions and intricate calculations all bearing on some piece of technical research, to descend to the A B C of natural philosophy. It is so with other men in other departments. The surgeon occupied with some difficult problem of his science and art feels it a trouble to wade through the old grammar of, say, inflammation, with his pupils. This is why research and teaching are often incompatible duties. The teacher is lost in the investigator, just as the best teacher is often utterly unqualified for research. But if Lord Kelvin's prelections have often been over the heads of his students, he has amply compensated his University and the world by his own discoveries; while the tutorial work undertaken in connection with his classes has sufficed to turn out Glasgow M.A.s as well versed in physics as are the graduates of any other seat of learning.

Honours have flowed thick and fast on Lord Kelvin. I need not specify in detail how many doctorates he numbers among them, but I know that Heidelberg in its enthusiasm has made him a Doctor of Medicine, and that well-nigh every University of note numbers him among its honorary graduates. He was President of the Royal Society from 1890-95, and in 1871 delivered the Presidential Address of the British Association. Of our own Royal

Society in Edinburgh, Lord Kelvin has been President more than once. He is President of that body to-day. Readers will remember his British Association address best, for its singularly apt idealisation of the origin of life on our planet. Figuring to himself that life, once implanted on the cooled-down globe, was capable of indefinite increase, Lord Kelvin (then Sir William Thomson) set forth the hypothesis that the beginning of vitality might have descended on our planet, in the shape of some moss-grown meteoritic fragment, hurled from "other worlds than ours." This idea had at least the merit of claiming a continuity for the life that now is, with that possibly dominant in other spheres, and, at least, it testified eloquently to that scientific use of the imagination on which Tyndall had so

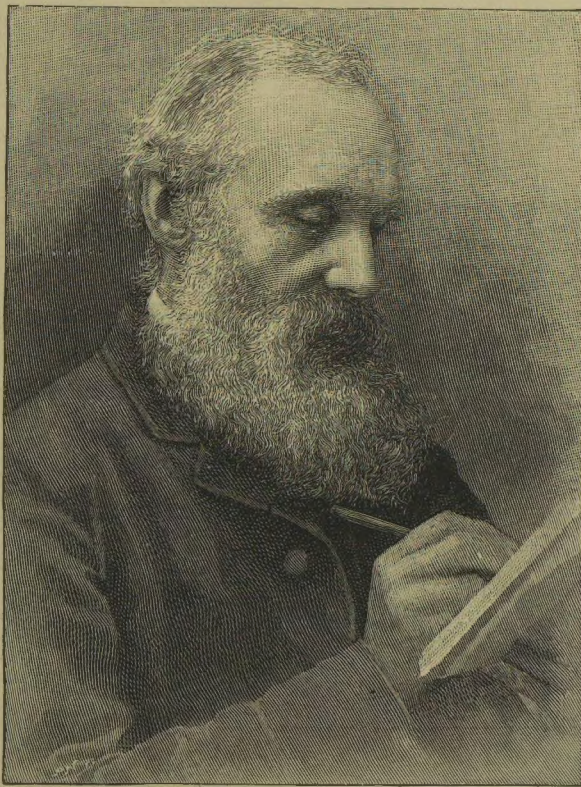


Photo Annan, Glasgow.

LORD KELVIN, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.

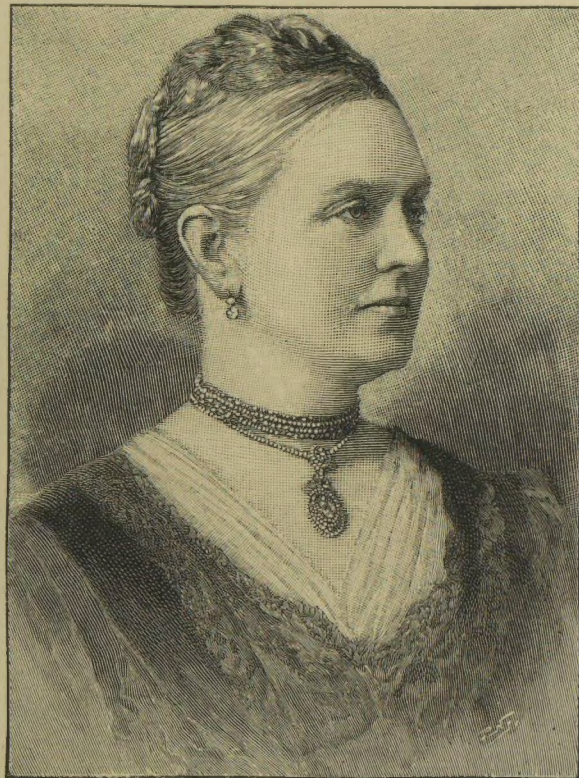


Photo MacLure and Macdonald, Glasgow.

LADY KELVIN.

will, cropping out with high intensity indeed in the Thomson family. Little may we wonder that a man's drift in life should be determined for him by a direct and high ancestry of such characteristic kind. Prior to his Glasgow appointment, Lord Kelvin's father held the Chair of Mathematics—I think he was the first Professor—in the then newly instituted college at Belfast. Himself the son of a North of Ireland farmer, the father of the Thomsons was a man well-nigh self-taught. He had cultivated the sturdy independence of his race, and had won his spurs in the intellectual battle by sheer force of hard work alone. It is this power of application which is, after all, one phase of genius: I am not sure but that it is the only kind of genius which, in the long run, ever comes to anything. Brought up under his father's eye, William Thomson received his education in Glasgow, and I learn that he became a matriculated student of the University at the age of ten. I have beheld many a juvenile in the quadrangle at Glasgow among the art students, and many a youthful face in the old Edinburgh quad' as well, but I do not think I ever saw a matriculated student aged ten years. In 1834, I presume, real education began rather earlier than it does to-day—School Boards notwithstanding—and that the William Thomson of those days made good use of his time is proven by the record that at the age of twenty-one we find him Second Wrangler at Cambridge and First Smith's Prizeman. He had already won his spurs as a mathematician (heredity again), and I daresay one of Lord Kelvin's most pleasant memories will be that of his editorship of the *Cambridge and Dublin Mathematical Journal*. This itself was a distinguished honour for so young a man.

The early days of the Glasgow Professorship were associated, as most of us know, with the old college in the High Street. Readers of "Rob Roy" will be familiar with the spot. It was not till 1870-71 that the magnificent building on the grounds of Gilmore Hill was opened for the teaching and culture of youth, but it is with this new University probably that most of Lord Kelvin's friends and pupils will associate him and his work alike. There, on the hill overlooking the river Kelvin, which intersects the west end of Glasgow, and whence he derives the name of his peerage, William Thomson's greatest triumphs have been won, and

eloquently discoursed on a previous occasion. But Lord Kelvin will always be associated in the public mind as an inventor, and especially as one whose deep researches in the field of electrical science have been fraught with the highest benefits to man. The first non-successes with Atlantic cables were redeemed with interest when Lord Kelvin completed the work through the exercise of great knowledge practically applied. The knighthood which followed that success was deserved to the full, if ever any honour was merited by mortal man. Then, to speak of only one of his many appliances, we may reflect on the improved compass to which sailors to-day owe their safety. One often hears what people are disposed and pleased to call abstruse researches decried as pure waste of time, forgetting that practical mining is founded on geology, and that navigation is, after all, the child of astronomy herself. So with Lord Kelvin's researches into magnetic variations and the like: the compass of the day is the practical outcome of labours which, regarded from the popular standpoint, might seem to be confined in their sphere and results to the laboratory alone. Then also we have Lord Kelvin's sounding-machine, in which, in place of the ordinary line, piano wire is employed to ascertain the depths of the ocean abysses. The mirror-galvanometer is a something of very great service to practical electricians, and this the world also owes to Lord Kelvin; and I have heard it said that "extremes meet," when out of the manner in which smoke-rings comforted themselves, a theory of atoms was evolved by the distinguished scientist whose jubilee has just been celebrated.

Those who know Lord Kelvin best are loudest and fullest in their praises. It would be worse than impertinence to criticise the work of a master in science. He is a man of supreme modesty, destitute of all pride of intellect, genial and suave, and evincing, as has well been said, the simplicity and loving kindness of a great heart and a noble nature. This is a brief sketch of the man whom the kings of the earth and the princes of intellect alike delight to honour. It is on themselves that they confer an honour when they congratulate him on the success of his life-work, because that work for the last half-century has helped to make the world a happier, a freer, and a better place wherein to dwell.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

One evening in the late autumn of the early fifties a tall, powerfully built man was painfully tramping through the forest of Fontainebleau in the direction of Barbizon. When the reader has got as far as this he will probably stop, paper in hand, and ask himself whether the generally harmless writer of "Anecdotal Europe" has suddenly been bereft of his senses and mistaken *The Illustrated London News* for a penny dreadful, in which he is going to rival the late Mr. James or Harrison Ainsworth? The reader may reassure himself. I am not going to attempt to write an historical novel, but a very simple story, which, if it deals with crime at all, only deals with such crime as is not punished with the scaffold, the rack, or any other instrument of torture.

The man who thus painfully tramped a long, mainly because one of his legs happened to be made of wood instead of flesh, bone, and muscle, was the afterwards celebrated Narcisse Diaz, the Spanish painter, who lived the greater part of his life in Paris and died there. He was on his way to the cottage of a brother artist who became even more famous than he, and whose name was François Millet.

In a little while Diaz reached the door of the cottage, which he opened without knocking, for the precaution of the ordinary householder—i.e., lock and key—was superfluous there. Even if thieves had entered the ramshackle little tenement, they would have found nothing to reward them for their trouble. "A light, a light," thundered Diaz, accompanying his stentorian voice by stamping his wooden leg. In another moment a light was shown, and had there been anyone beside the new-comer to witness the scene, he would simply have beheld a man, prematurely grown old; a woman, showing deep lines of care in her face; and two or three children, opening their eyes very wide, and evidently overjoyed at the sight of the enormous loaf Diaz had flung on the table. All were poorly clad; the six persons had not one pair of boots between them. Millet and his family wore the peasant's clog; the visitor, by reason of his infirmity, had only one shoe.

"Thank God, you have come, friend," said Millet, also casting hungry glances at the loaf; "but for you the children would have had to go to bed supperless. What news?" "Good news," replied Diaz: "I have disposed of the three drawings for sixty francs; I have changed one of the five-franc pieces on my way to buy the loaf and other things; here are eleven more." And, in order to make the joy last the longer, the staunch comrade took the pieces

one by one from the pocket of his corduroy trousers and piled them in front of Millet, at the same time taking from his capacious coat-pockets carrots, vegetables of different kind, and, finally, a good-sized hunk of lard.

In a little while the guest, the host, and the latter's family are seated round the table. Under the influence of the coarse but substantial fare, they all, except Millet, become cheerful. He alone remains grave. Is this sum of money merely a respite, or is it really the promise of better times at hand? This is what he thinks, and the faithful chum has evidently read his thoughts, for he answers to them instinctively.

voted them ugly, brutally coarse, and too sad. They preferred the sprucely dressed maidens of Jules Breton, at the sight of which Millet, getting out of patience one day, exclaimed: "These peasant girls; yes, they are the peasant girls who never come back to the village after they have gone for a day's outing."

And would the reader like to know how times had improved with François Millet while he was painting his world-famed "Angelus"? Here is an extract from one of his own letters: "We have enough wood left for two or three days, and we are at a loss for more, for they will certainly not give us any without money. My wife expects to be confined next month, and I have no hope of getting

any money, unless I can manage to do and sell some drawings." And this was what he did manage; but it is not generally known that he sold each of these drawings for ten francs, and that at the same moment four of Millet's pictures were sold for a mere song, "in the presence of a very enlightened connoisseur" (the inverted commas are mine). That same year the hanging committee of the Salon refused him room for one of his masterpieces, "Death and the Woodman."

Why have I written all this? Because I did not wish to enter into a lengthy disquisition on the comparative merits of Millet and Romney, whose "Cliffden" Marlborough has just fetched 10,500 gs., the largest sum ever paid for a single picture. I have not been able to ascertain at a moment's notice the price originally paid for the picture by the fourth Duke of Marlborough, for whom it was painted; nor do I wish to detract from Romney's fame; but I fancy he was not such a

genius as either Théodore Rousseau, Narcisse Diaz, or François Millet. Nevertheless, it is pretty well known that Romney never put brush to canvas in the case of a life-size for less than between 80 gs. and 100 gs. We will take the latter sum and reduce it to francs—say 2500, exactly the real price paid for "The Angelus," after it had left the easel.

Thus, after death, if shades can feel  
Thou may'st from odours round thee streaming,  
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,  
And live again in blissful dreaming!

I have an idea that François Millet and many like him would decline to live again in blissful dreaming. "The reality was quite enough for us," they would probably say, "especially if the tale of our disappointment on earth is to be told to the chink of gold and amid the odours of the auction-room, with greed on one side and vanity on the other disputing the work done with our hearts' blood."



THE MATABILI INSURRECTION: SCOUTS SWINBURNE AND BURNHAM LOOKING OUT FOR THE ENEMY.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

Diaz puts down his spoon and grasps Millet's hand. "Courage, friend! there are better times in store," he says. "People are beginning to appreciate us. Rousseau has just sold a landscape for five hundred francs; I have sold a picture for seventy-five francs; and the dealer who bought your drawings has ordered three more as pendants, and he will pay twenty-five instead of twenty francs apiece for them."

The reader may believe me implicitly. Every word of the little story I have just written is absolutely true; and, in spite of Diaz's attempts at encouragement, the "better days" did not come for many years. "The Gleaners," which at the lowest computation would fetch between £3000 and £4000 to-day, was sold by Millet for another sixty francs. He himself was almost contented, for sixty francs represented twelve days of bread and soup for himself and his family. The dealers were not in fault, perhaps; they could find no purchasers for Millet's paintings. The public



## FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

It seems as if poetry could never be quoted correctly. "Fresh fields and pastures new" will outlive what Milton really wrote, so attractive is alliteration. Did Byron write—

Strange that the soul, that little fiery particle,  
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article?

I doubt it very much; but so it is cited by one of the learned—and I have no Byron. In Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore" we commonly quote—

And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Others say—

And we knew by the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Wolfe's manuscript, it seems, has—

And we heard the distant and random gun  
Of the enemy suddenly firing.

Now "sullenly" is much better than "suddenly," whether or not it is a misprint, as in Malherbe's—

Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses  
L'espace d'un matin,

where they say the poet wrote "Rosette a vécu," and so on. The *Critic* declines to accept "sullenly," as "nonsensical." It is good sense enough. You hear an occasional grumbling gun from a distant enemy, and it sounds "sullen" in all conscience, as if he could not give up shooting, in a nasty, vindictive temper. Mr. Stoddart, who, I presume, has the manuscript before him, says "Of course it is 'sullenly,'" and I am glad to hear it. "Suddenly" is a bathos. The second popular version is obviously wrong. The poem lives in recitations, and is only too likely to be corrupted.

M. Paul Bourget, in "Une Idylle Tragique," describes a Venetian Anglo-maniac, not an agreeable character. He was clothed in a complete *coupé à Londres*, in the stuff called *Harris* by the Scotch, because of the place it comes from, "the island of the Hebridean seas." It has a vague smell of *tourbe*, which may be rendered "peat." This is deficient analysis. "Harris" smells of peat, indeed, but also of whisky, stale fish, salt water, bad tobacco, and, generally, of Harris, Barra, Rum, Coll, and Eig. We sniff it, and "we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

M. Bourget also writes of "two little terriers, of the breed peculiar to Skye, trailing bodies thrice as long as they are tall, on short bandy legs." This describes a Dandie Dinmont rather than a Skye, and suggests that M. Bourget, usually so accurate, is not a doggy man. It is a little "up to date" to introduce H.R.H. the Prince of Wales into a novel, but this distinguished person is not in the foremost rank of the characters, happily for himself.

We are being swept away in a deluge of Robbie. In one bookseller's catalogue I observe fifty-three items, all Burnsian. Mr. Ian Maclaren, too, is among the prophets of Burns: "Mr. Carlyle need not have made so much of Burns's want of self-control, for in that Burns suffered, we have gained." Well, if the more uncontrolled Burns was the more we gained, why should Mr. Carlyle not make much of it? Mr. Carlyle, to be sure, thought that our gain would have been greater if Burns had possessed more self-control. He might have lived to be seventy, and might have written more good things in a healthier existence. Surely that is obvious. I do not see that any of Burns's best poems are the result of too much whisky.

delights, the sage had no more self-control than the sinner. But we are not gainers by Mr. Carlyle's bad temper any more than by Burns's roaring or philandering excesses, or Leigh Hunt's dislike to fritter away his money in paying bills. It is delightful to be more moral than a "placed Minister," like Mr. Ian Maclaren! Burns was guilty, not of Pharisaism, but of Publicanism. He thanked Heaven that he was not as other men are, nor even as that Pharisee. The original publican of the parable did not err in this way; but it is a way of error for all that.

We are all proud of our limitations, and conceited because we "cannot read Dickens," or Shakspeare, or

poetry, or Mr. Hall Caine, as the case may be; it differs in different patients. I have known men uplifted in their own conceit because they did not know Scotch or Greek, or hated fishing or golf; being thankful, as the matron said to the old maid, for very small mercies. I cannot but congratulate myself that I am not a Q.C., nor an M.P., nor a popular preacher: the humblest of mortals—like the subaltern who thanked God that he was no book-worm—has his grounds for complacency. Many persons plume themselves on not being hypocrites, when the position of a hypocrite, compared to theirs, would really be an incalculable rise in moral status. I would not be understood to mean that a hypocrite is a laudable character; but if he is a steady successful hypocrite, without left-hand backslidings or right-hand fallings off, if he pays his debts, respects his neighbours, goes to church, abstains from vice, and only would like dreadfully to have his fling, he does less harm than a fine, large-hearted, self-indulgent, selfish, sensual, dishonest blackguard. "It is not enough to be a —," nameless sort of scoundrel, said the priest to the man on his way to the guillotine, "il faut être modeste."

This vice of publicanism is too

much neglected by preachers and moralists generally. A man is constantly drunk, idle, in debt, in love *not* "pour le bon motif," and he perks up, and tells us he is no hypocrite, not one of the "unco gude," no Pharisee. This excuse is commonly accepted as a fine manly remark, but on the whole, it is mere impudence. Few, or even none of us, can have all the faults, and to be devoid of the more respectable vices or affectations does not suffice, and is no excuse for the possession of the rowdier infirmities. It is all very well *peccare fortiter*, but it is not by boasting of it that we can really clear our characters. Education has always aimed (not unsuccessfully) at breeding Pharisees, who have the excuse of their early training. But very few people are bred up to be blackguards.



THE MATABILI INSURRECTION: TAYLOR'S FORT AND CROW'S NEST JUST OUTSIDE BULUWAYO.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

He was quite sober when he wrote his best poems, and if he had taken a little better care of himself and refrained from "burning himself to a cinder," surely our gain would have been incalculable. No, I don't see what we gain by Burns's want of self-control. His penitential psalms are not especially edifying; besides, be as self-controlled as you please, and you will always have room enough for penitential psalms. As far as Burns goes, there is not and never was any use in preaching. But if any young ploughmen-bards are growing up they will find Mr. Carlyle's sermon of more value than Burns's example, as far as self-control goes. Not that Mr. Carlyle had much, only his temptation was not to drink; still less to go "chapping out the lasses," but to swear at large, grumble, and be "gey ill to live wi'." As regards these violent



## HUNGARIAN MILLENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Much the most attractive portion of this Exhibition is the Historical Section, which shows us the national life of the Hungarians from its very beginning right down to the present day. The Romanesque and Gothic Buildings, of the former of which we give an Illustration, contain an unusually rich collection of both historical and art treasures reaching to the end of the Middle Ages. They form a magnificent assemblage much admired both by lovers of antiquities and historians. The Romanesque Building contains relics from the early times in the ninth century, when the Hungarians first took possession of the land, till the year 1301, when the royal house of Arpad became extinct. Additional interest is lent to the building itself by the fact that the façade is a faithful copy of that of Iak Abbey, the oldest architectural monument in the country, which is supposed to have been the residence of Saint Stephen, the first King of Hungary; and for that reason the building was made the exhibition palace of King Francis Joseph. Here, amidst relics of the first ruler of the land no less venerable than interesting, the present King of Hungary receives the homage of his faithful Magyars, and here he receives the Princes who come to visit the Exhibition. The apartment consists of a hall, three drawing-rooms, and a robing-room. Although furnished with royal magnificence, yet it is in the simple, noble taste of those times.

The Gothic Building, richly ornamented with towers, gables, and battlements, is an exact imitation of part of Vajda Hunyad Castle in Transylvania, which was built by Hunyadi for his son, who afterwards came to the throne, and is known as King Mathias Corvinus. In the enormous feudal halls of this castle are collected historical monuments from various epochs in the history of the nation, from the times of the kings of the Houses of Anjou and Jagello, as well as those of other dynasties, down to the disastrous battle of Mohacs in 1526, in which the Hungarians were beaten by the Turks and lost their independence. There also we find brought together a splendid collection of arms from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, besides symbols, documents, etc., belonging to municipal life. In other Gothic halls and rooms is an exhibition of Hungarian art-industry in the Middle Ages, besides the jewels which belonged to different kings of those times, treasures from the celebrated Corvina library, and all those objects which show what were the riches, the love of splendour, and the artistic taste of that epoch when the kings of Hungary were among the most powerful monarchs in Europe, when the Hungarians protected Christianity from the attacks of the Osmanli. Very interesting and instructive are the great numbers of ecclesiastical treasures, including handsome plates, mess-ropes,



FISHERY PAVILION AT THE HUNGARIAN MILLENNIAL EXHIBITION.  
Arranged to illustrate the Sport and Industry of Fishing in Hungary in bygone Times.

of the manner in which they were carried on; besides fishing-tackle and pastoral utensils such as were used by people in the most ancient times.

The Contemporary Exhibition occupies 170 separate pavilions of imposing aspect and spacious accommodation. Here the whole national life of Hungary, agricultural, industrial, and political, is illustrated by displays of marvellous completeness. A feature of peculiar interest is the Ethnographic Village, wherein are faithfully depicted all the varying types of houses to be found in Hungary, together with a complete realisation of the national mode of life with all the customs that are part of its individuality.

Munkacsy's famous picture, "Ecce Homo," is the *pièce de résistance* in the Exhibition of Modern Hungarian

Paradise Lost." Munkacsy is the leading Hungarian painter, but at the same time there is much diversity of opinion regarding the value of his work. But there is no doubt that it represents both the virtues and the vices of the great artist. Among lesser masters there are few who surpass Munkacsy in conception and artistic imagination. Probably he is unequalled in the characterisation of his figures. All specially Jewish types of physiognomy are represented in this picture, and different states of mind and character are distinguishable in each individual face. Here is the fanatic, there the treacherous and enlightened man. Some are in a doubting, others in a questioning frame of mind, while another is a thinker. Munkacsy is a master of perspective, and none excel him in the handling of crowds. The groups in the picture contain over seventy figures, and yet it is admirably lucid. Every single figure makes itself felt, while the entire picture most vividly represents the scene in question. The whole is so full of life that we positively seem to hear the deafening shout of the angry mob. But it is a great drawback that the artist was such a bad draughtsman. Many of his best figures are quite wrongly drawn. He was a realist—a poetic realist, however. At times he allowed his realism to carry him too far. The sinewy Roman soldiers are the most striking objects in the picture. Of Christ, the chief person, he gives only the bust. If it were not for an expression of infinite nobility in the eyes, which lights up the face, this half-figure would be an utter failure. We do not seem to see before us a man who becomes God, but God who became man. Mary is lost in the crowd and hardly noticeable. Munkacsy was a poor carpenter's apprentice, and maybe his talent was not discovered till too late. He studied at the schools of art at Vienna, Munich, and Düsseldorf, but in 1872 settled in Paris, where he spent fifteen years; but the Hungarian Government has now induced him to move to Budapest, and for merely living in his native land has bestowed a pension of £1300 a year on him.

Profound as is the interest of this great Exhibition, however, the most imposing feature of the millennial festival will remain, in time to come, the new Houses of Parliament, which were opened on June 8 with brilliant ceremony by his Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. These magnificent new buildings, which have cost the Hungarian nation the sum of £1,400,000, are situated on the bank of the Danube facing the old royal castle of Buda. The mingling of styles in the architecture, in which, however, the Italian Gothic largely prevails, is highly effective, and the interior of the edifice is splendid in its wealth of marble pillars and gold decoration. The great building has been slowly rising to its completion during a period of ten years, and, though its internal adornment is not yet fully accomplished, it has now been inaugurated by the millennial festival sittings.

The present period of national rejoicing is to be yet further commemorated by the unveiling of monuments on various historical spots of Hungarian territory. The first of these ceremonies is fixed for July 5, when a monument in memory of Arpad, who founded the Hungarian State and became its first ruler, is to be solemnly unveiled on the plain of Pustaszer, where Arpad and the representatives of his people ratified their first constitutional charter.



ROMANESQUE BUILDING CONTAINING THE STATE-APARTMENTS OCCUPIED BY THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH WHEN VISITING THE MILLENNIAL EXHIBITION.

sacramental cups, crucifixes, bishops' croziers, throne-gobelins, etc.

A very characteristic pendant to the group of historical buildings is formed by the historical hunting-lodge and the fishery pavilion. Both these are devoted to the primeval occupations of the Hungarians—bear-hunting, the wild-boar chase, popular in the Middle Ages, and falconry—so arranged as to give the spectator a good idea

Art. The large canvas forms the last section of the trilogy from Christ's life painted by the celebrated Hungarian artist. He first made a name for himself by means of his picture "Christ before Pilate"; his second was "The Crucifixion"; while the last, which should be the second, represents the fanatical and furious mob before Pilate's house shouting for the Saviour's blood. Another successful picture of his is "Milton Dictating



Heffterdingk (Mr. Forbes-Robertson).



Magda (Mrs. Patrick Campbell).

Augusta (Mrs. E. H. Brooke). Colonel Schwartz (Mr. James Fernandez). Marie (Miss Sarah Brooke).

"MAGDA," FROM THE GERMAN OF SUDERMANN, AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE: DEATH OF COLONEL SCHWARTZE.





THE MATABILI INSURRECTION: DEFEAT OF THE REBELS BETWEEN MOVE NE KRAAL AND GWELO ON MAY 9.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Milton Prior.

*As the Salisbury Column was about to return to Gwelo after the fighting at Move ne Kraal, the scouts in advance discovered a rebel force under the Chief Mzimbaheane lying in wait for the column. A strong mounted contingent, under Major Hoste and Major Hurrell, was at once sent out, and returned the enemy's opening fire with such effect that the rebels were speedily dispersed with heavy loss.*



## THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

I am about to forget Ascot just for five minutes at least. I want to think about evening dresses, not, by the way, that Ascot precludes the possibility of their wear, hostesses of house parties not being sufficiently considerate to recognise the superiority of the tea-gown, but merely



A WHITE SATIN EVENING DRESS.

because a mirror framed in invitations to balls has set my thoughts on the rival charms of satin, chiné silk, velours, moiré, and embroidered net. The evening gown which is to point my moral and adorn my tale is of white satin, with the skirt embroidered in silver and pearls resting upon a flounce of kilted white mousseline-de-soie, the hem of this being traced with tiny silver sequins, the corselet bodice again showing this elaborate embroidery, with a vest of mousseline-de-soie and full-frilled sleeves of the same completing the scheme, which must at once be written down as extravagant, not to say prodigal.

The newest evening gowns I have seen are made of lace, elaborately flounced. We are to flounce all our frocks in the immediate future, so the authorities say, however we have as yet only recognised the flounce in very reduced circumstances, narrow frills of silk or ribbon-velvet being used edged with lace. These are to be found put on in straight lines, but certainly they are more effective when used in waved lines; and, by the way, it may be observed that the fashion of trimming the skirt in waved lines, which comes to us from our immediate ancestresses, is being revived with enthusiasm. These, when not made of the little frills of velvet ribbon, are formed of cordings set very closely together, and these cordings may be met upon the sleeves of the most approved pattern; the latest variety of sleeves, boasting a very small puff at the top, and being corded with cords of different widths from the inner portion of the arm down to the wrist. Bodices have I also seen corded and gathered in straight lines from neck to bust, where they are met by a corselet belt. These look extremely pretty when the upper portion is of some thin stuff and the corselet of a darker tone. But here I am wandering away from evening dresses after I have vowed and declared my intention of devoting myself exclusively to their honour. A black net evening gown which has absorbed most of my affections was mounted loosely over a white silk petticoat and trimmed round the hem with a broad appliqué of white lace interspersed with diamonds and silver sequins. The bodice, back and front, was entirely covered with this appliqué, and belted round the waist with cherry coloured velvet and pale pink glacé ribbon, the two being arranged to form a sort of corselet, the velvet at the top and glacé silk below, a large bunch of malmaison carnations, completing the bodice, whose charms were further accentuated by the irrelevant sleeves formed of frills of white tulle. It is quite rare now to meet a skirt destined for evening wear which boasts not some trimming, either cordings or flouncing or insertions of lace being generally used. A

very beautiful pale green satin frock I have met with, two lines of lace insertion embroidered in gold thread. These were placed the one about four inches from the hem, the other two inches above it, and were completed by a bodice of pale green velvet shot with pale yellow with a chemisette formed of the lace embroidery, the sleeve showing the upper portion of the arm in the style we originally adopted some two years ago, and forming small puffs just above the elbow. A careful or even a cursory study of the heads at the theatre will give convincing evidence of the popularity of the diamond ornament, this taking somewhat of a modified tiara form, extending but a little way beyond the temples with an upright ornament in the centre. The peacock's feather is a very popular design, but more attractive perhaps, and certainly newer are diamond wings set on either side. We have ceased to wear the osprey in our hair, for which the heron may murmur many thanks, and those who are not fortunate enough to possess real diamonds take unto themselves the products of the Parisian Diamond Company and murmur many thanks to the benign Providence that has supplied such a want in this year of grace 1896.

Although I vowed I would not mention Ascot I must describe that other gown on this page which was destined to fret its hour in the enclosure; this is made of green and white glacé silk, the skirt trimmed with stripes of cream coloured lace of superior detail, a pointed yoke of the same extending over the shoulders of the bodice, which was made of chiffon, while the tight portion of the sleeve and the short bolero were of the glacé silk like the skirt, faced with white and outlined with a narrow quilling of black, the puffs on the top and below the sleeves being made of the chiffon again. Green is having a great deal of our favour this year: it appears in all materials, but perhaps in glacé silk it looks the best, though it also has charms when permitted to form the pattern on a white foulard.

Foulard frocks, if well made, give plenty of excuse for finding favour in our sight, but they need the silken lining, the slim figure, a minimum of trimming, and the hand of the expert. Foulard, of course, lends itself to the decoration of flounces on the hem, and an ordinary dark blue foulard spotted with white have I met looking charming with a flounce of fine white lawn, hemmed with dark blue lawn. The bodice of this displayed a fichu-like collar of the white lawn, hemmed with the blue, and at the neck and waist was a touch of vivid green velvet ribbon. But just a word about hats. Let me chronicle the advent into fashionable circles of the hat laden with fruit and white birds, while I mention once again the very superior charms of the hats of Tuscan lined with white chip and trimmed with feathers, and casually allude to the simple elegance of hats of grass-lawn, tightly stretched over net shapes, lined with black crinoline trimmed with the scarf of lawn and a bunch of quills. Rosettes of different colours decorate many of the newest Panama hats, but they are not particularly attractive, and shall therefore remain all unhonoured and unsung. News from Paris has reached me that all the hats are much smaller than they were, for which news we, even the least grateful of us, may murmur many thanks.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

CAUDLE.—The best plain silk stockings with clocks that I know are to be found at Sykes, Josephine's, 280, Regent Street. I fancy I mentioned this fact last week, but in any case you are welcome to the information again. At Asprey's, 166, New Bond Street, they have such an excellent arrangement for cyclists, a bag containing sandwich-box and flask, which straps on to your handles. I believe this would be the best present you could give under the circumstances; its price is two guineas.

NESTA.—I do not agree with you at all, having found it particularly possible to bicycle for many miles in a skirt of most ordinary detail. The best bicycling skirt there is, is to be found at Viola's, 27, Albemarle Street—personally I prefer that which is only divided at the back, and boasts an apron in the front. If you have a divided skirt there is no reason why you should not choose drill for the material, but do not, under any circumstances, ever tell anyone I advised the divided skirt—I detest it, and think it is quite unnecessary.

MRS. F.—The ideal material, of course, is pink crêpe de Chine, lined with the softest of white satin, made in the shape which wraps over the figure, slightly open at the neck, with a large collar and revers made of old lace. The gown could fasten over on one side with two diamond buttons, and the sleeves should only reach to the elbow, with very deep frills of lace at the end, caught up in the front quite short, a Watteau back allowed to hang from the shoulders, or a full back gathered round the waist. Either style may be adopted. You know you did not ask me to be economical, so do not blame me for suggesting anything so extravagant; and write again when you like.

PAULINA PRY.

### NOTES.

Lady Ilchester opened the beautiful grounds of her residence, Holland House, for a show by the Ladies' Kennel Association. The Princess of Wales, herself a devoted lover of animals, gave away the prizes, among which were some signed photographs of herself which

she had presented for the purpose. It was interesting to see that the larger and more ferocious breeds of dogs have many lady "fanciers" as well as the small toys generally called "ladies' pets."

Enormous audiences have gathered at that most popular of "fixtures," the Royal Military Tournament, on every occasion during the fortnight that it has lasted; and the culmination was on the last night, when the Duchess of York (with the Duke) attended to present the prizes. A platform had been erected outside the royal box, which the winners ascended to get their cups, medals, and purses from the hands of the fair young Duchess. She looked very pretty indeed, in a gown of chené silk, the ground white with blue flowers, and bodice draped in white lace, worn with a little bonnet of white tulle, trimmed with yellow pansies. It was noticeable that three fourths of the audience in the better part of the hall consisted of well-dressed ladies. In truth, the display of well-developed and perfectly organised manly strength must always be very interesting to us women; we can admire the force and the discipline displayed without being lovers of the stern and barbarous reality that it all means, and must mean at present—war. The procession of men from the military forces of the entire Empire, India and all the Colonies, made one's heart thrill.

Cambridge "Congregation" has accepted the new syndicate proposed to consider the question of admitting women to degrees. The committee will hold sittings in the autumn, and probably report about the end of the year.

In the *Lady's Pictorial* of June 13 there is a very interesting series of pictures of the leading ladies who figured at the Russian coronation in their robes, including the Empress in her coronation and State ball dresses. The *Lady's Pictorial* not unnaturally prides itself on being the only paper that sent a lady correspondent.

In the hot weather which is now upon us, there are few greater luxuries than Scrubbs' Cloudy Ammonia for the bath or wash-hand basin. Hard water is softened, and thereby rendered more cleansing and better for the complexion, while at the same time there is an indescribable freshening of the skin and sense of coolness



AN ASCOT COSTUME.

and refreshment produced. Much comfort is to be obtained, at a trifling cost, by this means. A very good "antiseptic soap" is made to use with the ammonia by Messrs. Scrubbs.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

It is said that as the result of the late referendum on the Education question in South Australia, there was a majority of three to one in favour of the continuance of the existing system of State education, two to one majority against the introduction of Scriptural education, and four to two majority against any payment being made to denominational schools for secular results.





## BEAUTIFUL DANES.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE SECOND ANNUAL SHOW OF THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION AT HOLLAND HOUSE.



## LITERATURE.

## MR. R. L. STEVENSON'S UNFINISHED STORY.

BY DR. GARNETT.

In *Weir of Hermiston* (Chatto and Windus), Heaven granted to Robert Louis Stevenson, as of old to Hector, "one blaze of glory ere he sank to rest." We may assume this masterpiece of a torso to be already too well known to the public to warrant any detailed criticism upon the story as far as published. Every reader of fiction knows the superb portrait of Lord Hermiston, and the no less interesting, though necessarily less striking, companion picture of his son. Both are triumphs of art, no less than grand pictures, from the ability by which in one what might have appeared, and in fact is, repulsive is made attractive; and in the other the weakness of character, inseparable from the situation, is rendered, instead of a source of contempt, an additional grace and charm. How the problems inherent in the working out of the story as sketched in the editor's memorandum would have been solved it is difficult to tell. Mr. Colvin admits that Stevenson could not have achieved his original intention of making Lord Hermiston pass sentence upon his son. He would, we think, have made paternal affection overcome principle and profession in a conflict eventually fatal to the old judge, a situation more pathetic if less dramatic. The actual seduction of Kirstie by Innes must have been given up under penalty of destroying his regard for the heroine, but Innes's death at Archie's hands would probably have been motivated without going so far. Even if these problems had proved insoluble, however "*Weir of Hermiston*" might have suffered as a work of art, the grace and beauty of the writing, the splendour of the character-portraits, and the general sense of abounding power would have placed it at the head of Stevenson's romances—a lofty altitude!

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

The untiring literary energy of the fair sex is directed so almost exclusively to fiction that a woman's book, at once entertaining and embodying the result of considerable reading and research, deserves a cordial welcome. A work of this kind was Miss Georgiana Hill's "*History of Dress*," which appeared a few years since. Her industry and power of interesting are still more happily displayed in her new and elaborate work on a subject far more important than the evolution of costume, *Women in English Life from Medieval to Modern Times* (two volumes, Bentley). From every available source Miss Hill has collected a vast quantity of interesting matter, historical, biographical, and anecdotal, to throw light on the condition, education, intellectual development, work, and social influence of Englishwomen of many ages and periods, from the royal and noble abbesses of pre-Norman times to the leaders of the Woman's Suffrage movement and the factory-girl of to-day. In a brief notice like this, little more than a reference is possible to the range and varied contents of these admirable volumes. Among Miss Hill's aims is to show that though in some respects the sphere of woman's work has been greatly widened, especially in recent times, yet in others it has been narrowed by the growth of prejudice. For instance, there is a feeling against women embarking on their own account in trade except in a few departments such as millinery. But Miss Hill quotes chapter and verse to show that the mediæval guilds knew no distinction of sex. Women were freely admitted into them and wore the "livery" like the male members. The "brothers" and "sisters" all met together to transact the business of the guild. Married women could engage in business on their own account and be sued independently of their husbands, while the widow of a guild-brother could carry on his business as a member of the guild. Miss Hill devotes a really amusing chapter to a catalogue of offices, high and low, which women used to fill but from which they are now excluded. In the days when some important offices were hereditary in certain families women were Sheriffs and even Champions and High Constables. It raises a smile to hear Miss Hill gravely record that a woman has been known to act officially as a sexton and even as a beadle! "There are hardly," she adds regretfully, "any parochial offices now open to women." But she may find consolation in the great enlargement of woman's sphere of public employment which has been effected during the last twenty or thirty years, and of which she gives a cheerful, a detailed, and an interesting account in her closing chapters. Women are factory and workshop inspectors, sanitary inspectors, workhouse-school inspectors, assistant overseers of the poor, and as Miss Hill informs us, "the ward of Wallbrook in the City of London had a woman as rate-collector for several years." Women are members of school boards, of vestries, and parish councils, and in ever-increasing numbers of boards of guardians. There are now nearly 900 women who are Poor-law guardians. Out of the 648 Unions, 342, more than a half, have women on their boards. London alone has of them between eighty and ninety. It only remains to add that Miss Hill, while pleading zealously for what she believes to be the cause of her sex, writes without vehemence, with perfect good taste, and in the tone befitting an English gentlewoman.

Neither the joyous imaginary region in which light-hearted authors and artists are supposed to disport themselves, nor the political movement of the modern Czechs, a Slav nationality isolated in the heart of Teutonic Germany, is the theme of *Bohemia: an Historical Sketch* (Chapman and Hall), by Francis Count Lützow, a former deputy for Bohemia in the Austrian Parliament. His narrative, beginning with the formation of an independent Bohemia before the Norman Conquest of England, closes with the destruction of Bohemian independence in 1620. Some episodes of the Bohemian history of which Count Lützow treats in his ably and carefully written volume possess a general and even an English interest. Everyone remembers that blind King, John of Bohemia, the crowned Don Quixote of his time, who fell at Cressy, and from whom, through his conqueror, the Black Prince, our Princes of Wales derive their motto, "Ich dien." Of European

interest is the Bohemian Reformation, and the gallant struggle of the Bohemians in its defence for two hundred years. It was in Bohemia more than anywhere else in Europe that the seed sown by our own Wickliffe found a congenial and fruitful soil. John Huss, the heroic originator and victim of the Bohemian Reformation, was preaching Wickliffe's doctrines more than a hundred years before the name of Luther was heard in Germany. From first to last the interesting story of the Bohemian Reformation and its many vicissitudes is told both with spirit and impartiality by Count Lützow. In 1620, at the battle of the White Mountain, Bohemian independence was crushed by the Hapsburgs, and ever since Bohemia has been an integral portion of the Austrian dominions. At the same time the Protestant religion was stamped out in Bohemia, which became and has remained Roman Catholic, "an almost unique example," Count Lützow says, "of the forcible conversion of a mainly Protestant land to an almost entirely Catholic one." The catastrophe has a peculiar interest for Englishmen. It befell under the last elected King of independent Bohemia, Frederick, the Elector Palatine, who married Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England, and it is through descent from her daughter, the Electress Sophia of Hanover, that our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria now sits on the throne of these realms. As the hard-pressed champion of Protestantism, Frederick excited great sympathy in Protestant England, which was indignant with his father-in-law for refusing him effective aid. In our own time, Mr. S. R. Gardiner, the historian of the Stuart monarchy in England, has fastened on James I. the responsibility of the Thirty Years' War, which sprang out of the Bohemian contest.

In the *History of Horn-Books* which Mr. Andrew Tuer has recently published, he has collected in two handsome vellum-covered volumes everything that is known about the primitive school-books of our forefathers. The work is a monument of industry, although it is put rather laboriously together after the usual antiquarian manner as opposed to the historian's philosophical method. It is elaborately illustrated to a point that is almost unique even in books of this painstaking class. At the beginning of each volume a little box has been made by fastening together about one hundred pages and then cutting out a hollow in which are encased specimens of horn-books mounted on wood. In the first volume we get three specimens thus treated. Mr. Tuer, at the close of the second volume, has just indicated by a few references and illustrations the existence of the samplers which the little women of the bygone days worked with such infinite care. He might, at some future time, publish a larger history of samplers, with reproductions of some of the more famous ones, such, for example, as were shown at the recent Exhibition of Fair Women a year or two ago.

*The Nineteenth Century Classics* is the title of a series of reprints of literary masterpieces published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden. Taking full advantage of the remarkable improvement in book *forma* which is taking place, these books will educate the eye as well as the intellect, and at the modest price of half-a-crown are within the reach of everybody. Beautiful books they are; and their intrinsic value is increased by bibliographical notes and introductions by experts. The series opened with Carlyle's "*Sartor*," prefaced by Mrs. Cameron's historic photograph of the seer, and by a critical chapter from the appreciative pen of Professor Dowden. "*Heroes and Hero Worship*," introduced by Mr. Gosse, will appear at an early date, so that Carlyle will be well represented, and in the most artistic fashion that has yet fallen to his lot. The second volume of the series is a reprint of Matthew Arnold's first four books—"Alaric," "Cromwell," "The Strayed Reveller," and "Empedocles on Etna," together with some notable poems. Dr. Garnett's Introduction is one of the very best critiques of Arnold's place and power that have ever been written. A beautiful reproduction of G. F. Watts's portrait, now in the National Portrait Gallery, completes an ideal edition of Arnold.

The fantastic title, *Grey Mantle and Gold Fringe* (Blackwood), of a set of short Scotch stories, is expressive rather of their style than of their substance. There is a self-conscious and continual straining after picturesque word-painting, which has occasionally the wearying and worrying effect upon you of an aged *figurante* stiffly posturing in painful poses. Such forced images as "working round, the cog-wheel of his blame caught on his mother," are about as natural and beautiful as gargoyles, and it is only now and again that we come upon an image as forcible, apt, and happy as this: "After the harvest everything was hushed and sober, while the land lay back, like a woman delivered." The stories themselves are but too lifelike in their unsatisfactory sadness and incompleteness. Surely fiction, like wine, should cheer us, and help us to escape for some happy moments from ourselves and from the harsh realities of life. Why, as Elia puts it, "must we live our toilsome lives twice over, as it was the mournful privilege of Ulysses to descend twice to the shades?" But besides their dismalness, the incompleteness of Mr. Meldrum's tales tantalises and irritates you. You might say of their broken and tragic endings—

'Tis not a life,

'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.

These tales, however, are unquestionably clever.

We are advancing when the heroine of a novel, the sweetest and purest of her sex, can decline a proposal from a libertine lover by comparing him to "a girl who spent her life on the London streets"; when a curate asserts that "the chief function of the Church of England is to wipe up messes and say nothing about them, and that is why a bishop wears an apron," and "theology is a clumsy attempt to circumvent Christ"; and when a bishop confesses, "I started life with a Double First at Oxford, and a passionate reverence for Christ; I finish as a harlequin masquerading at insincere functions as a saint in leggings." But Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe in his promising novel *The Eleventh Commandment* (Heinemann) is a kind of Mathew Hopkins, Witch-finder, who detects scoundrelism everywhere, and forces his delinquents to confess

their iniquities. Far as we may have advanced, however, we have hardly yet reached a stage of such degeneracy in manners as to make probable, or possible even, this piece of brutality: a thorough English gentleman shouts out to a retired merchant who had joined the meet on his lawn, "Come off the lawn, you damned haberdasher!" to the delight of the county members of the hunt. "The Squire has the old blood in him. That was a bit of good old Tory instinct forcing itself to the front." In truth, Mr. Sutcliffe has evolved much of the life he describes out of the depths of his own consciousness; and it is the more to his credit, therefore, that "The Eleventh Commandment" should be as interesting as it is.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

The eccentricities of bibliography were never more interestingly exhibited than at Mr. Campion's sale with regard to a very well-known book—Goldsmith's "*Deserted Village*." The first edition of that poem was published in quarto, but almost immediately a rival bookseller published an octavo copy of the same date, which is now well known to be a spurious edition, although it was made to pass current the other day at Sotheby's sale-rooms as the real first edition. It was sold for £25 to some ill-informed American; but here is the romance of the situation. The very next day a country bookseller sold a copy of this same spurious edition of "*The Deserted Village*" for three shillings; four days later Mr. Reeves—the bookseller of Wellington Street, whose shop almost adjoins Sotheby's sale-rooms—sold a copy for five shillings to a well-known man of letters. The book is fairly scarce, and, of course, is ridiculously cheap at three shillings or five shillings, just as it is ridiculously dear at £25; but the incident serves to emphasise the occasional advantage of a sale-room as a means of disposing of one's literary treasures.

There is a certain picturesqueness in the selection, by Mr. John Murray, of the Earl of Lovelace to edit the new edition of the poems of Lord Byron. Lord Lovelace is the grandson of the poet, and may, therefore, be supposed to enter with peculiar sympathy upon a task where sympathy and good feeling must necessarily be of the greatest importance. On the other hand, Lord Lovelace, it may be presumed, will display a painful discretion, as becomes a descendant of a man whose life was one long indiscretion. However, we shall doubtless have to thank Byron's latest biographer for an immense amount of new matter, and that is something. This edition was originally intended to be edited by Mr. Buxton Forman, but Mr. Forman's increasing duties at the General Post Office made it impracticable for him to carry out that plan. He will not, one may be sure, grudge to Lord Lovelace any assistance that he may need, and Mr. Forman has at least one valuable Byron treasure in his possession.

Meanwhile, I believe that the edition of Byron which is to be edited by Mr. W. E. Henley and published by Mr. William Heinemann is nearly ready. That edition is to be in ten volumes, dainty little books of the kind which we are already familiar with in the seventeen-volumed edition of Byron's "*Life and Works*" which the Murrys published many years ago. It will probably be some time before Mr. Murray's new edition of Byron appears, and there would seem to be no reason why Mr. Henley's edition should not have a fair sale. All good libraries will have to include both sets, and it is only upon the large libraries, after all, that the publishers of these very expensive books can rely. Mr. Henley has peculiar affinities to Byron, and he has laboured for years upon his material.

I count Mr. A. J. Butler as one of the most learned men in literary England. His prose translation of Dante's "*Divina Commedia*" is of far more service than the poetical attempts of Cary, Longfellow, and others. Mr. Butler, in addition to his Italian studies, has already done good work in translations, notably of Marbot's "*Memoirs*." He now proposes to publish, through Smith and Elder, "*The Memoirs of Baron Thiébault*." General Thiébault's adventures with Napoleon's armies are said to be very piquant reading, and now that the Napoleon "boom" is in full swing, there cannot fail to be a very large audience for these two volumes.

A *Times* reviewer takes exception to the reproduction by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden of Mr. Matthew Arnold's "*Alaric at Rome*," on the ground that the book was not authorised by Mr. Arnold, or republished during his lifetime. The *Times* reviewer is an owl. Does he know that the poor welcome given to the "*Empedocles*" and "*Strayed Reveller*" volumes led Mr. Arnold to withdraw them for a period? Although the poet has been dead so short a time, he did not live, unhappily, to secure the recognition of his verse which now undoubtedly pertains to it. Of "*Alaric at Rome*" there was probably no copy in his possession or in that of his family. At the time of his death only two copies were traceable in the libraries of the curious, and there was no copy in the British Museum. Is it to be laid down as a principle that when an author has become a classic his *Juvenilia* are not to be given to the world? We should have been the poorer in that case by a great mass of interesting literary material, from Shakspeare's day to our own.

Mr. Edward Bok, the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia, is in London. Current rumour estimates the circulation of the *Ladies' Home Journal* at about four or five hundred thousand copies a month, and its editor deserves much personal credit for this result. Mr. Bok is still only about thirty years of age, and his success is certainly phenomenal in the history of editors. At the same time, the report is not credible that Mr. Astor, the millionaire proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is offering magnificent inducements to Mr. Bok to settle in this country. There is no case on record of an American editor becoming successfully acclimatised here. That Mr. Bok understands the art of catering for the domesticity of the United States does not in the least imply that he could successfully cater for the domesticity of the United Kingdom—a very different thing in many ways.

C. K. S.







## THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT LEICESTER.

The fifty-seventh annual exhibition of live-stock, farm produce, and agricultural implements held under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, this year finds its local habitation at Leicester, where it will remain open from June 20 to June 26. The Show gives every promise of being a most successful one, especially if the recent brilliant weather prevails.

On the opposite page we give views of some of the most interesting of the antiquarian relics of the historic town. Whether tradition be right or not in assigning the origin of Leicester to the reign of King Lear, there is no doubt about the traces which still remain of the ancient British settlement of *Caer-Lerion*, and even the more authentic history of the town begins as far back as the coming of the Romans in A.D. 50. It is probable that the Roman invaders subjugated the British occupants of the site and established their rule in a station which afterwards became an important Roman town under the name of *Ratae*. Prominent among the interesting remains which testify to this period of Roman occupation is the old Jewry Wall. The original purpose of the building has been much discussed, some authorities inclining to the opinion that the wall is part of a temple of Janus, of which Geoffrey of Monmouth speaks, while others have held that it formed part of the gateway of the western city wall.

The old Town Hall was originally the place in which the Corpus Christi Guild held its assemblies. It was founded in the year 1530, but the actual building which now

survives was erected somewhat later in the century, and was formally opened by elaborate festivities in honour of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The municipal business of the town was conducted in this hall until twenty years ago, when the modern Municipal Buildings were opened.

The ornamental Clock-tower, also depicted by our Artist, presents some singularly good specimens of modern



Photo Burton and Sons, Leicester.

THE MAYOR OF LEICESTER.



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.,

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT LEICESTER.

sculpture in the figures of four of Leicester's most celebrated benefactors—Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester; William Wyggeston, the fifteenth-century founder of the hospital and schools which still bear his name; Gabriel Newton, Mayor, founder of the Green-Coat School; and Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor of London 1546. The last worthy founded a most excellent charity for the loan of £50 or £100, free of interest for nine years, to young men of unblemished character who might need help for their start in life.

## CHILDREN'S FLORAL PARADE AT THE BOTANIC GARDENS.

The annual Children's Floral Parade and Fête in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society at Regent's Park is always a very charming spectacle, but it is becoming proverbially unlucky in its weather, and after its fine day of last year, incurred the only wet day of many sultry weeks on June 10. Owing to the continuous downpour of rain, the display was held in the Exhibition tent and under a canvas-covered way, but even these conditions could not destroy its charm. The banners awarded as prizes were given away by the Duke of Teck as the children marched round the tent, led by the brass band of the Boys' Home. The exhibits included some very tasteful designs in floral decoration. Several mail-carts, covered with flowers and drawn by children daintily costumed, were very prettily planned, and the usual tricycles, bicycles, and sedan chairs were remarkable for the ingenious variety of their garlands. A very effective group represented a bridal party of the year 1815, in which bridegroom, bride, and four bridesmaids were most daintily attired in old-world garb, eminently suited to their gay floral surroundings. The red banner awarded to the best of all the exhibits was won by Mrs. Garford's graceful design entitled "A Dream of Beauty," of which we give an illustration. "Britannia and her Colonies" were represented in two very effective groups by Mrs. Weatherhead and Mrs. F. Buck. At the final parade an exciting little incident occurred. A pony on which was seated a boy representing "Dr. Jim" threw its rider, who received a shaking.



Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

CHILDREN'S FLORAL FÊTE AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK: MRS. GARFORD'S "DREAM OF BEAUTY."



## THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN.

For some years past there probably have been more people trying to make improvements in the bicycle than concerned



Photo Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent.

Mr. W. S. SIMPSON,

Inventor of the Simpson Lever Chain.

in working at any other industry. Almost every part of the machine is subject of a dozen, a hundred, or even a thousand patents. Indeed, the Patent Office has been so busy that a search for anticipatory patents connected with the cycle has become almost a farce. Yet, since the days when the safety first appeared, and forced the older form of "bike"—the ordinary—from the field, the chain, the main factor in the safety, has remained almost outside the ideas of the inventor and the patentee. Nor was it till last October that any chain was produced which attracted attention. The new chain was the Simpson lever chain, which a few days ago, in a series of formidable matches at Catford Bridge, proved its superiority to the other chains.

Yet it is obvious that the chain is one of the most important parts of the machine. The human being generates the force, which is transmitted by the chain to the sprocket of the driving-wheel. Now the transmitter may be economical or masterful—of course it cannot actually generate power. Some of the power produced by the rider must be consumed in the shape of friction—friction, the bugbear of the mechanic, the fatal stumbling-block of the seeker after perpetual motion. Nevertheless, for a long time inventors were content to use the simple ordinary chain, and it was left to Mr. Simpson to grasp the idea that if the actuating grip of the chain were not, as in the ordinary case, on the inner side of the chain, but on the outer, and if the chain were made of a series of triangles, the free end or upper part of which had the engaging rollers, the result would be enormously to increase the leverage without increasing the effort: in other words, to transmit and utilise a far larger proportion of the force caused by the rider in the case of an ordinary chain. The first appearance of the chain was startling. On Oct. 3 Messrs. Leitch and Pellant on a tandem did a quarter of a mile on the road in 20 3-5 sec., a world's record which even in these days of ephemeral records has not been touched since; and they did the half-mile in 44 4-5 sec. Of course, this attracted attention, but the manufacturers set their faces against the chain. Not unnaturally, since it involved making several alterations in machines. Consequently, innumerable articles were written to prove that the chain could not do what it did.

In the meantime the great Humber Company took up the idea, and the famous Gladiator firm of Paris adopted it. The result was that riders using the chain began to sweep the board, and by January Simpson lever chain riders had made all the existing world's records from a quarter of a mile to forty-four miles save the mile, and since then the successes have been constant.

A glance at the drawings will show even to the unscientific why the special form of chain has its advantage. It must be borne in mind that you cannot increase at will the diameter of the hub sprocket, the kind of axle on the hind or driving wheel. In size it has to be proportionate to the actual wheel, and its relation in diameter with the crank wheel directly actuated by the pedals is of great importance—that relation involving the interesting question of high and low gearing. The hub sprocket proper, as far as is concerned

the round part in the drawing, which is pressed by the inner flat and connected part of the chain, cannot be increased indefinitely, though increase is gain. By Mr. Simpson's ingenious device, one gets the effect of an increase in size without enlarging the part whose proportions are important. In fact, by a chain whose outer and not inner side does the work, you have a higher pitch and greater leverage than can come from an ordinary chain.

The constant success of the Simpson chain riders did not, of course, convince those who set their face against conviction, and manufacturers other than the great firms already named, even after Hunt had reduced the record for the ride between York and London by forty-two minutes, doing the distance in 10 hours and 48 minutes—even, too, after Stocks did the world's record for an hour—held aloof. Then the Simpson Chain Company boldly offered to wager £1000 to £100 that riders using the chain would triumph over ordinary competitors in a series of matches. Dr. McCabe, of the *Irish Field*, took up the challenge, and a few days ago, on the Catford Bridge track, the battle was fought out. The *Irish Field* people, however, somewhat modified the terms. Obviously afraid of relying on the ordinary plain chain, they had chains of novel design made. Mr. W. S. Simpson raised no objection to this modification. It is now a matter of history known to nearly everyone that the Simpson lever chain was successful. There is no need to give details; it is sufficient to say that Tom Linton, using the lever chain, was successful in the one-hour race, beating Stocks by more than a mile; and

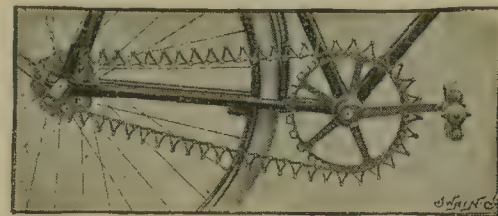


A. V. LINTON, WINNER OF THE PARIS-BORDEAUX RACE.

that Huret with the Simpson chain won the fifty-mile race, beating A. A. Chase, and, what is more, achieving a record by nearly three minutes, though the weather was unfavourable. The one failure, the five-mile race, proved nothing, as the lever champion broke down from sudden faintness after three miles, and retired.

In the meantime, the new invention had enjoyed two

other triumphs. Tom Linton had achieved a world's record by racing thirty miles and 214 yards in sixty minutes. To think that it used to be deemed remarkable that a trotting mare should have done one mile in 2 min. 11 sec., and here was a man riding thirty at an average of less than two minutes! Moreover, the great test of endurance—the Paris to Bordeaux race—had been won by Arthur Linton, aided by the lever chain. Despite ill-health, a severe fall, and several accidents, he rode 367 miles of hilly road in



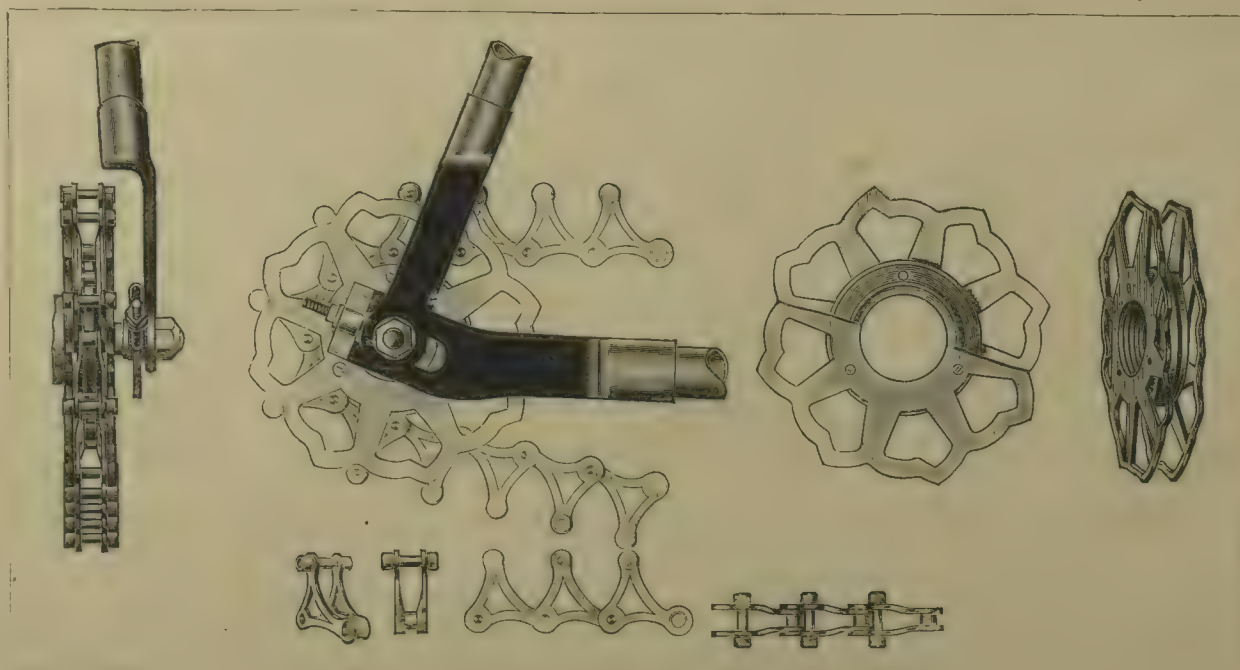
CYCLE FITTED WITH THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN.

21 hours and 17 minutes, beating previous records by almost three hours—showing, in fact, a difference of a seventh compared with the former efforts.

The curious result of the now-conquered opposition has been that manufacturers have a dangerous enemy in what should have been a valuable friend. "If you want a thing done, do it yourself," is a maxim concerning which *Punch* used to be very funny, and the lever chain company has wisely acted upon it. Since the manufacturers were blindly hostile, the Simpson Chain Company have turned manufacturers themselves, and at the Regent Street dépôt just opened can be seen the beautiful machines turned out at the company's works. Of course, these machines are fitted with the Simpson chain, and since it is cheaper to build a machine specially for the chain than to buy one that has been adapted to it, the rival makers will be in a very unfavourable position.

It may be suggested that we are not all racers. The fact, however, is that the gain is more felt on the road, and most on a bad road. The power of going thirty miles an hour instead of twenty means that of going twenty with the exertion that otherwise would only produce fourteen. Not only can you increase the radius of your ordinary ride, but you can, if you prefer, do your ordinary ride with far less than the ordinary exertion. An advantage for the fair sex is that with the Simpson lever chain shorter pedal cranks may be used, and consequently the inelegance and discomfort due to raising the knee high is obviated.

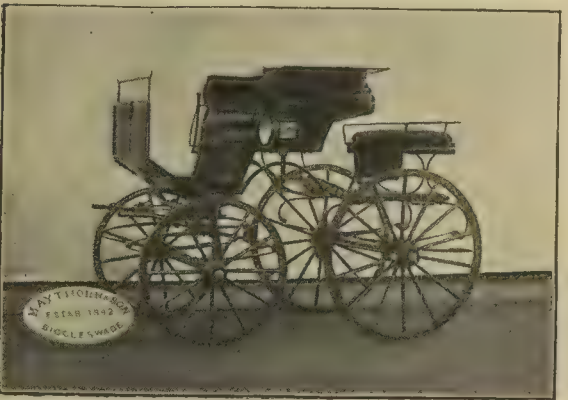
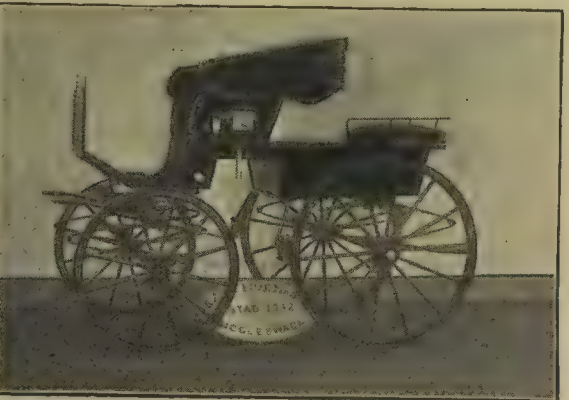
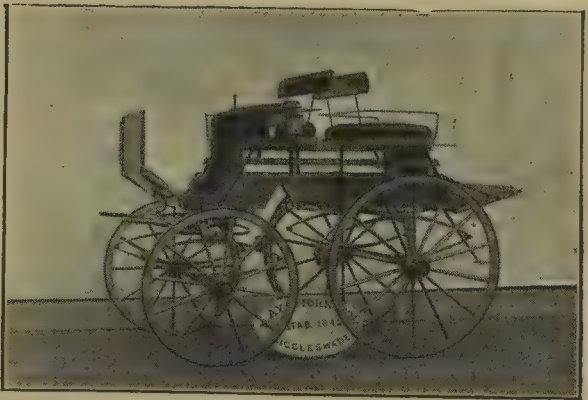
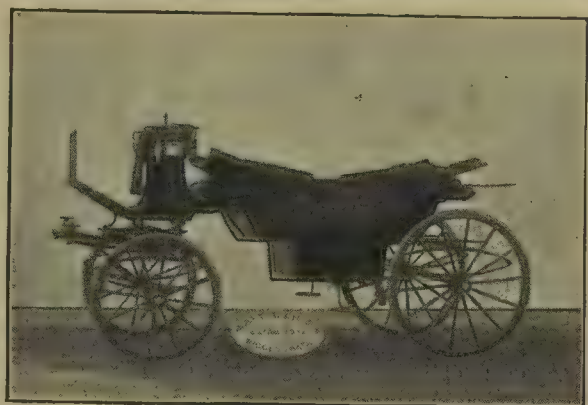
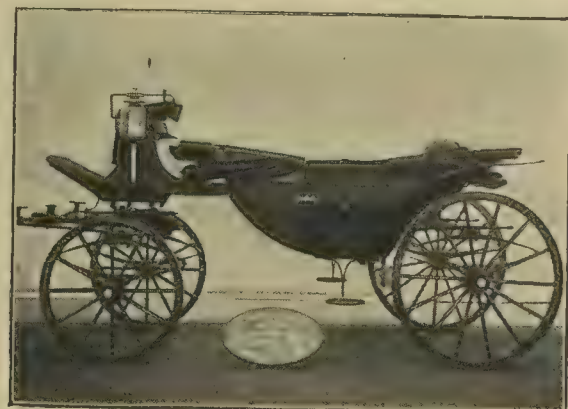
So far as Mr. Simpson, the inventor, is concerned, although the use of his chain for bicycles is gratifying, it is by no means the most important part of its work. No bicyclist himself, but an engineer who has been engaged on vaster problems, he had in mind an improvement in power transmission the application of which to the bicycle is of relatively small importance, however striking it may seem to the public. The differential pitch attained is destined to play a great part in most forms of transmission of power. The great auto-car movement, likely to be the most astonishing development of this astounding century—this century in which in many directions progress has been made equalling that of all the preceding centuries—must be largely influenced by the chain, particularly so far as electric cars are concerned. Although petroleum and gas will probably be the motive power of the first successful cars, electricity in the end must win, and nothing will do so much to aid as the use of this chain, so extraordinarily economical in transmitting the colossal energy of the force so long ignored. As with the auto-car so with the stationary engine and the driving-band. It is such a contrivance as the Simpson lever chain—simple, incapable of getting out of order, and not costly—which will be the friend of the mechanic and engineer, and some day, when considering its accomplishments, people will probably even forget that its first use was to astound the world by adding greatly to the speed and comfort of the bicycle.



WORKING PARTS OF THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN.



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## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

**W F L S. BRUSSELS.**—There is no work specially devoted to the openings at odds, the book to which you refer being merely a collection of games. In the last edition of "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," there are a few chapters on the subject likely to help you. Apply to E. Freeborough, Parliament Street, Hull.

**E A. PEPPEY (Stoke Newington).**—We must apologise for not answering you. The problem in question was decided against, but omitted to inform you. The other shall be reported upon as soon as possible.

**A G. FELLOWS (Wolverhampton).**—We are very pleased to receive your problem. Accept our congratulations on your tournament successes.

**W. BIDDLE.**—What about the position of the Black Bishop? If this defect can be remedied, the problem shall appear.

**F. PROCTOR (West Bergholt).**—The problem shall be re-examined.

**W. DAVID (St. Fagans).**—We trust your rhymes have afforded you the most satisfaction, but we are pleased to have you again among our solvers.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2716** received from Upendranath Maitra (Calcutta) and C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2717 from Upendranath Maitra (Calcutta); of No. 2719 from Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 2721 from Emile Frau (Lyons), C. E. H. (Clifton), Joseph T. Pullen (Exeter), W. H. Lunn (Cheltenham), Tuxen (Newcastle), W. H. Williamson (Belfast) and E. G. Boys; of No. 2722 from C. E. H. (Clifton), Emile Frau (Lyons), W. H. Williamson, E. G. Boys, Captain J. A. Challice, H. Rodney, F. J. Gross (North Kensington), R. J. (Newry), J. Bailey (Newark), R. Congo Phillips, C. M. A. B., J. Hall, T. Isaac (Maldon), H. H. (Peterborough) C. W. Smith (Stroud), F. Leete (Sudbury), and S. Manion (Kirkdale).

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2723** received from E. Loudon, Captain Spencer, T. Roberts, H. Rodney, Dr. F. St. Joseph, T. Pullen (Exeter), C. R. R. (Green Lanes), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), W. R. Raillem, S. Davis (Leicester), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), E. P. Vulliamy, F. James (Wolverhampton), Shadforth, Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), H. T. Bailey (Kentish Town), Bluet, Tuxen (Newcastle), M. A. Eyre (Boulogne), Hereward, F. J. Gross, C. E. Perugini, J. H. Downes, F. Waller (Luton), F. Leete (Sudbury), F. A. Carter (Maldon), H. T. Atterbury, H. S. Brandreth (Brussels), M. Rieloff, James Gamble (Belfast), B. Copland (Chelmsford), Alpha, R. H. Brooks, J. Allen (Teignmouth), Frater, C. E. M. (Ayr), F. G. Elliyatt, H. Le Jeune, Sorrento, J. S. Wesley (Exeter), R. Woiters (Canterbury), T. Chown, J. W. Bilbrough (Ben Rhydding, Leeds), W. P. Hind, E. B. Poord (Cheltenham), J. Sowden, R. J. (Newry), R. Congo Phillips, Ubique, W. C. D. Smith (Northampton), James Priestley, L. Desanges, W. R. B. (Clifton), Dawn, W. David (Cardiff), H. E. Lee (Ipswich), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), M. Burke, W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Meursius (Brussels), and L. Murray (Hyde).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2722.—By A. HILL.

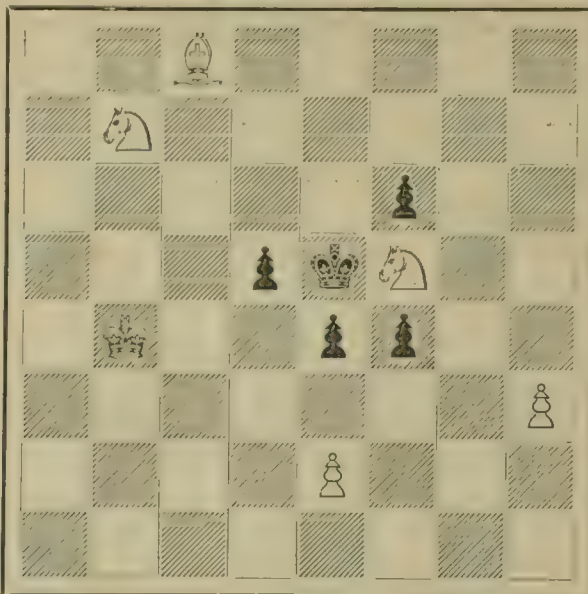
WHITE.  
1. R to R 3rd  
2. R to Q 3rd  
3. Mates.

BLACK.  
Kt takes P  
Any move.

## PROBLEM No. 2725.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

Archdeacon Sinclair has been flattering the northern Evangelicals. At the meeting of the Southport Conference he said he longed and prayed "for a united England, where High Churchmen with their historical researches, and Evangelicals with their purity of doctrine, would be able to repel the insidious attacks of a superstition which in every country where it had ruled had proved itself to be offete."

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1886), with a codicil (dated June 8, 1894), of Mr. William Chandless, F.R.G.S., of 5, Portman Street, who died on May 5, was proved on May 22 by Cecil Long, the brother, and William Long Fitzpatrick, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being £286,651. The testator bequeaths £1000 and the income, for life, of £4000 Consols to his sister, Elizabeth Chandless; £3000 to William Long Fitzpatrick; £500 to Samuel Peet; and £500 each to the Royal Geographical Society and King's College Hospital. He gives his share and interest in certain bank annuities and freehold and other properties under the will of his grandfather, Thomas Chandless, to his brother Cecil Long; and the freehold ground rents amounting to £216 per annum and other property to which he became entitled under the will of his uncle, Henry Gore Chandless, to his said brother, for life, with remainder to his son Thomas Cecil Chandless Long. Subject to the payment of the income of one fifth part to the widow of his brother, Thomas Chandless, he leaves the residue of his property to his seven nephews and nieces, Nicholas Richard Fitzpatrick, William Long Fitzpatrick, Cecil Thomas Fitzpatrick, Caroline Fitzpatrick, Harriet Fitzpatrick, Margaret Oddie, and Amabel Maine.

The will (dated June 20, 1894) of Mr. Herbert Edgell Hunt, C.E., of 1, Hyde Park Gate, Kensington Gore, who died on March 8, was proved on June 5 by Mrs. Emily Priscilla Edgell Hunt, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £130,326. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal property, whether in England, Brazil, or elsewhere, to his wife, for her own use and benefit.

The will (dated March 20, 1889) of Miss Louise Mario Augusta Van de Weyer, of 110, Park Street, who died on April 5, has been proved by Victor William Bates Van de Weyer, the brother, the Hon. Reginald Baliol Brett and Henry Packman Sturgis, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £101,698. The testatrix gives £20,000, upon trust, for her brother Victor, for life, and then for his daughter Brenda; £20,000, upon trust, for her sister the Hon. Alice Emma Sturgis

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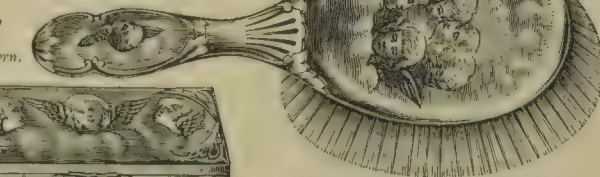
Solid Leather Case, containing a Pair of Solid Silver Mounted Military Hair-Brushes, Hat-Brush, Cloth-Brush, and Silver Mounted Tortoiseshell Comb, £5 15s.



Fine Cut Crystal Glass Claret-Jug, with Solid Silver Mounts and Handle, £3 10s. Best Electro-Plate, £1 7s. 6d.



Solid Silver Hair-Pin Box, £2.



Solid Silver-Backed Hair-Brush, Full Size, £1 15s.

**CAUTION.**  
The Company have no Branches or Agencies, and warn Purchasers against Firms trading under similar names.



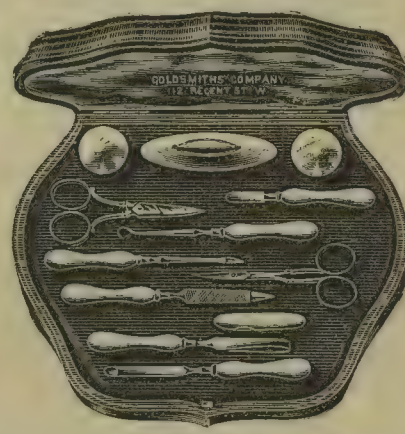
Fluted Solid Silver Hat-Brush, 10s.



Silver Mounted "Twin" Oil and Vinegar Bottles, with Silver Mounted Corks. In three sizes, 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s.



New Elegantly Chased and Pierced Solid Silver Vase, with Glass Lining, in four sizes, 15s. 6d., £1 5s., £1 10s., £2 5s.

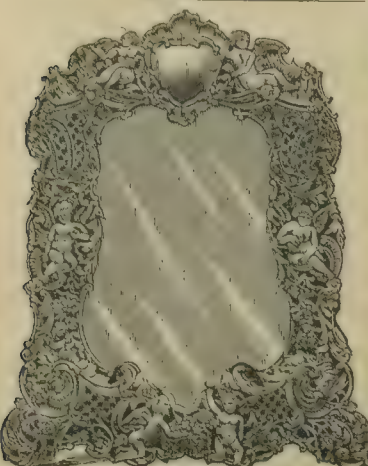


Solid Silver Mounted Manicure Set, comprising 9 Instruments, 2 Boxes, and Nail-Polisher, in best Morocco Case, £4 15s. Morocco Case, containing Nail-Polisher, 1 Box, and 4 Instruments, £2 5s.

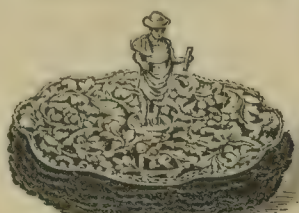


Solid Silver Whistle and Match-box, £1 2s. 6d.

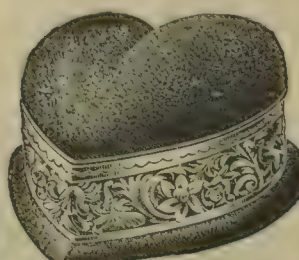
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At the most northerly point of this Cruise the Sun will be above the Horizon at Midnight.

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

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Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

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Brand, for life, and then for her daughter Betty; £20,000, upon like trusts, for her sister the Hon. Eleanor Frances Weston Brett and her daughter Dorothy; £500 each to her godsons, Conway Russell Seymour and John Bryan Sturgis; £100 to Henry Packman Sturgis; and there are some specific gifts of pictures, lace, and musical instruments to her relatives and friends. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves between her two sisters, the Hon. Mrs. Brand and the Hon. Mrs. Brett, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 17, 1894), with a codicil (dated Nov. 1, 1895), of Mr. John Cannington, of Crosby Road, Waterloo, near Liverpool, who died on April 3, was proved at the Liverpool District Registry on May 15 by Arthur Kershaw Cannington, the son, and George Oliver Jones, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £76,600. The testator bequeaths £2000 to the Worn Out Wesleyan Methodist Ministers' and the Ministers' Widows' Auxiliary Fund; £1000 each to the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society and the Liverpool Wesleyan Missions; £1000 to the Wesleyan Methodist Schools at Southport, called Trinity Hall, to found scholarships for ministers' daughters requiring a year's extra education, and a further £1000 to the same schools to provide increased accommodation for the daughters of ministers. He gives such sum as may be necessary to pay the various pecuniary legacies bequeathed by the will of his late wife, amounting to £3000; his house in Crosby Road, with the furniture and effects, to his daughter Edith; £12,000, upon trust, for his said daughter; his freehold interest in the Vauxhall Glass Works and £8000 to his son, Arthur Kershaw; and legacies to his brother, sister, and other relatives, executors, clerks, servant, and

others. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one-third each, upon trust, for his sons Arthur Kershaw and John Charles; and one-third, upon trust, for his daughter Edith.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1867), with three codicils (dated March 18, 1874; Nov. 16, 1891; and April 29, 1892), of Mr. Peter John Margary, C.E., of 6, Wingfield Villas, Stoke Damerel, Devon, who died on April 29, was proved on June 5 by Frederick John Monro and Henry Percy Boulnois, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £43,187. The testator bequeaths the money at his banker's and all his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Emma Margary. Subject thereto he leaves all his property, upon trust, for her, for life, and then between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1895) of Mr. William Benington, J.P., of Weston House, Westwood, Scarborough, formerly of Rimswell, Stockton-on-Tees, who died on Feb. 12, was proved on May 12 at the York District Registry by George Benington, the son, Herbert Benington, the grandson, and Edmund Benington, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £27,461. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his executors, £100 each to the children of his daughter Mary Ann Reckitt, who have already been provided for; £100 to Francis Reckitt; and £300 and all his household furniture, plate, pictures, carriages, and horses, between his two daughters Caroline Crewdson and Margaret Louisa. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one fifth thereof to his son George; one fifth thereof, upon trust, for each of his children Caroline Crewdson, Robert Crewdson, and Margaret Louisa; and one fifth for the children of his deceased son William Henry. Sums of

money exceeding £10,000 advanced to his sons in his lifetime are to be brought into account.

The will of Mr. Simon Thomas Scrope, J.P., D.L., the head of one of the chief historic families of England, of Danby-on-Yore, near Bedale, Yorks, who died on March 4, was proved on June 8 by Simon Conyers Scrope, the son and residuary legatee, the value of the personal estate being £4591.

The will of Lady Frances Elizabeth Poore, of 11, Neville Terrace, Kensington, widow, who died on April 21, was proved on June 4 by Captain Sir Richard Poore, Bart., R.N., and Miss Katharine Poore, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £977 3s. 6d.

The will of Mr. William Birkbeck Robson, of Thornton Steward, Yorkshire, who died on April 14, was proved at the York District Registry on May 28 by Robert Chapman, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £8858.

The will and two codicils of Mrs. Elizabeth Tyrrell, of 46, Phillimore Gardens, Kensington, widow, who died on April 20, were proved on May 29 by Frederick William Cock, M.D., and Thomas Henry Wood, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £4134.

The will of the Rev. Capel John Sewell, of Windthorpe, Notts, who died on April 14, was proved on June 3 by Mrs. Mary Sewell, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £2260.

The will of Mr. Joseph Henry Wilson, of Kenninghall, Norfolk, who died on March 22, has been proved by Mrs. Constance Mary Wilson, the widow and executrix, the value of the personal estate being £3720.

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*The Most Important yet held. Retiring from Business. Lease Sold.*

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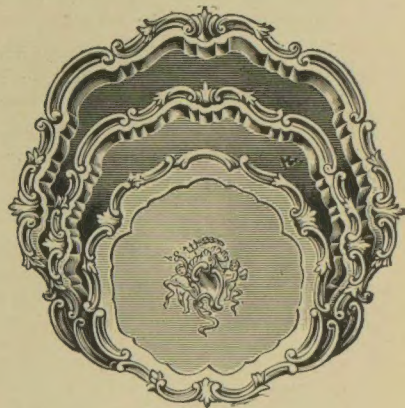
12948  
Handsomely Cut Glass Salad Bowl and Servers,  
mounted in Electro Plate, £1 17 6  
Sterling Silver Mounts, £3 10 0



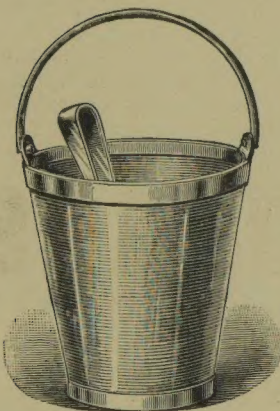
Bon-Bon Box,  
Sterling Silver,  
£3 3 0



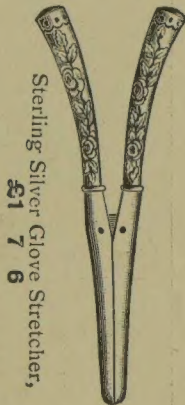
Flask, Golf Scene,  
In Sterling Silver,  
£4 0 0



17392  
Waiters, Engraved.  
In Electro Plate. Sterling Silver.  
8-in. £2 0 0 £6 0 0  
10-in. 2 12 6 8 5 0  
12-in. 3 15 0 11 11 0



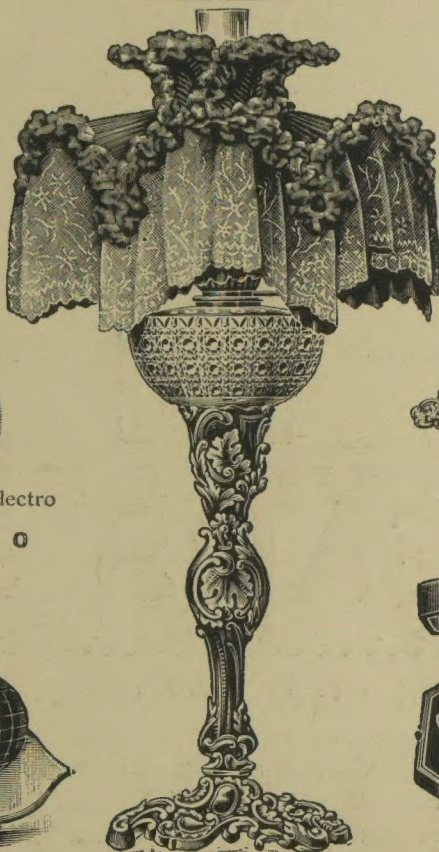
Glass Ice Bucket,  
Mounted in Electro Plate,  
with Tongs, £1 15 0



Sterling Silver Glove Stretcher,  
£1 7 6



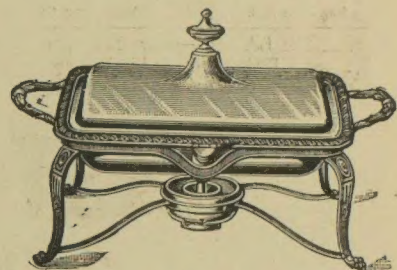
A 14  
Biscuit Box, Mounted in Electro  
Plate, 10/6  
Sterling Silver, £2 2 0



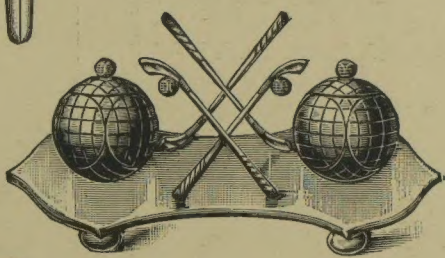
New Table Lamp,  
In Electro Plate,  
£10 0 0



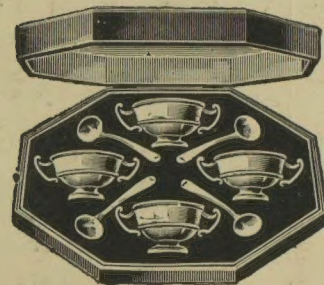
Coffee Cup, Sterling Silver  
Mounted, with Silver Saucer  
and Spoon, £2 12 6



17467  
Breakfast Dish, with Stand Lamp.  
Electro Plate.  
Small. Medium. Large.  
£3 10 0 £4 10 0 £6 6 0



Sterling Silver Inkstand, "Golf,"  
£6 10 0



Case of 4 Irish Salt Cellars  
and Spoons,  
In Sterling Silver, £4 7 6

LIVERPOOL

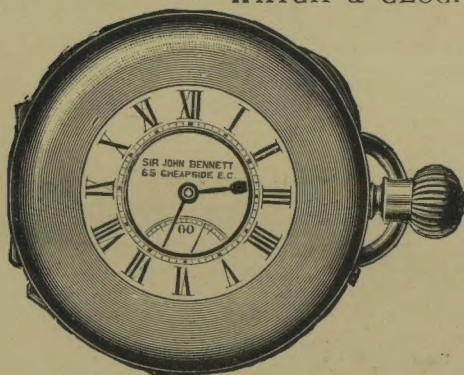
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**SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,**  
WATCH & CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.

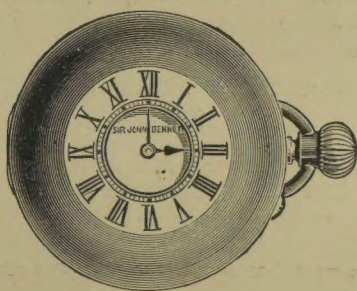


£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEY-  
LESS 4-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER  
WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in  
thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram  
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Sir JOHN BENNETT (Ltd.), 65, Cheapside, London.

£20, £30, £40 Presentation Watches.  
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£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells.  
In oak or mahogany. With Bracket and Shield, Three  
Guineas extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

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£10.—In return for £10 NOTE,  
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KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and work-  
manship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.

GOLD WATCHES, from £5.  
Illustrated Catalogues post free.

£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH  
LEVER WATCH. A fine 4-plate English  
Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass.  
The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and  
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LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES  
LAZENBY'S TABLE JELLIES  
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Peterborough, who represented the English Church at the Coronation of the Czar, was vested in alb and girdle, and wore the cope and mitre recently presented to him by his diocese. The cope and mitre are beautiful examples of ecclesiastical art embroidery, white and gold being the predominant colours, and have been carefully copied from the ancient vestments. The Bishop, who was attended by three chaplains, was lodged in the Kremlin with the Russian Bishops.

Bishop Wilkinson recently conducted a confirmation service, according to the Anglican rite, at Pesth, it being the first service of the kind ever held in Hungary.

The Rev. Richard Tyacke, for sixty years Vicar of Padstow, who died recently at the great age of ninety-two, was remarkable for his genial bearing towards Dissenters. It was no uncommon occurrence for Nonconformists to contribute largely to the crowded congregations that

assembled to hear him preach. Mr. Tyacke had been laid aside from work for about six years.

The Rev. Dr. Momerie is preaching at present on Sunday mornings at St. Luke's, Berwick Street, Oxford Street.

Bishopgate has been left for a considerable time without a rector, although a successor has been fixed upon. It is said that the Bishop of London desires to divert about half the income, and to apportion it among several selected poor parishes in the diocese. The annual value of the living is said at present to reach the large sum of £3000.

The Archbishop of London estimates the contributions of Churchmen to religious objects during the last twenty-five years as amounting to £80,513,736. Over £21,000,000 have been spent on elementary education.

A great function will take place at Norwich on July 1, when the eight hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Norwich Cathedral will be celebrated by a commemorative thanksgiving service. The Archbishop of Armagh,

who has already preached many of his finest sermons in the same place, will be the preacher, and a large number of Bishops have arranged to attend.

The Rev. J. G. Simpson, of Dundee, has been offered the vicarage of St. Mary's, Oxford, in succession to the Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, now Vicar of Portsea. There are few more important positions than St. Mary's, but owing to the scantiness of the emolument there is difficulty in finding a suitable incumbent.

Baron Rothschild, M.P., has laid one of the foundation stones of a new Baptist Chapel at Aston Clinton. The Baron has also given the site free.

The new Life of Bishop Thorold contains a letter from Mr. John Morley, acknowledging in cordial terms a volume of the Bishop's sermons, two of which Mr. Morley had read one Sunday morning instead of going to church. Bishop Thorold had a warm admiration for Mr. Morley's books.

**GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.**—Seaside. TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY TO TUESDAY CHEAP TICKETS to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Southend-on-Sea, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Dovercourt, Harwich, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Hunstanton, are issued by all Trains from LONDON (Liverpool Street), also from G.I. Suburban Stations, and New Cross (L.B. and S.C.), at same fares as from Liverpool Street. These Cheap Tickets are also issued from St. Pancras (Midland) and Kentish Town to Hunstanton, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Cromer.

**CHEAP DAY TRIPS to the SEASIDE, &c.** SOUTHERN-ON-SEA and BACK, 2s. 6d. Daily by Through Fast Trains from Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Street. Cheap Through Tickets are also issued at Stations on the Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Railways.

**CLACTON, WALTON, and HARWICH** and BACK, 4s. from Liverpool Street; on Sundays at 9.10 a.m., and on Mondays at 8.35 a.m.

**BRONBOURNE and RYE HOUSE**, 1s. 6d. Daily from Liverpool Street, &c., and on Weekdays only from St. Pancras and Kentish Town.

**EPING FOREST**, 1s. Daily from Liverpool Street, Fenchurch Street, New Cross (L.B. and S.C.), Gospel Oak, &c.

For Full Particulars see Bills. Wm. Birt, General Manager, London, June 1896.

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**HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND** to the Continent, Daily (Sundays included). Quickest Route to Holland (to Amsterdam Eleven Hours), and Cheapest to Germany.

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## PARLIAMENT.

The condition of public business is causing grave concern to Ministers and their supporters. A meeting of the Unionist party at the Foreign Office was naturally followed by a debate in the House. Sir William Harcourt showed no eagerness for the fray, but the irrepressible Mr. Dalziel moved the adjournment, in order to extract a definite statement from the Treasury bench. Mr. Balfour announced that the Session would be adjourned about August 12, and that any measures then outstanding would be carried over to January 13. Instead of the usual prorogation there will be a renewal of the present Session on that date, and the new Session will begin with the new financial year at the end of March. This arrangement appeared to excite some forebodings on the Unionist benches, for the Education Bill is a highly controversial measure, and it is possible that the Bill will

not be disposed of between Jan. 13 and the beginning of the new Session. Sir William Harcourt contended that the action of the late Government in carrying over the Parish Councils Bill formed no precedent for Mr. Balfour's action; and Mr. Chamberlain protested vigorously against the suggestion that the Government should close the Education Bill "by compartments." At the present rate of progress it does not look as if the House would dispose of much more than the first clause before the adjournment in August. In the House of Lords the Prime Minister made an important statement about our Egyptian policy. It is the intention of the Government to occupy Dongola, and, if possible, Khartoum; but an advance to the latter point is dependent on financial considerations. If Egypt cannot pay, the complete conquest of the Soudan will be postponed. In response to a challenge from Lord Kimberley, Lord Salisbury declined to open the promised inquiry by a Parliamentary Com-

mittee into the Jameson raid until the trial of Dr. Jameson is concluded. Lord Rosebery urged that in the meantime the Cape Government will make a complete inquiry and that the procedure of the Imperial Government will be "stale and fly-blown."

The anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held on Monday at the hall of the University of London, in Burlington Gardens. Sir Clements Markham, the President, stated that it is now proposed to establish a London School of Geography, to be affiliated to the projected teaching London University. He spoke of Lieutenant Peary's journey over the ice in Greenland, Dr. Nansen's Arctic exploring voyage in the *Fram*, Mr. Andr  e's intended balloon expedition from Spitzbergen to the North Pole, and Mr. Borchgrevink's Antarctic exploring voyage of this year.

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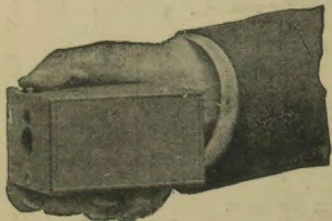
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